

25 cents (30¢ in Canada)

MAY 1946

The American Mercury

ACHESON OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT	Benjamin Stolberg
THE STUPIDITY OF A BIG NAVY	W. Barton Leach
THE SUGAR SHORTAGE AND POLITICS	Hubert A. Kenny
WHAT IS KNOWN ABOUT STREPTOMYCIN	W. E. Craft

WILHELMINA OF THE NETHERLANDS

by Hendrik de Leeuw

Page 578



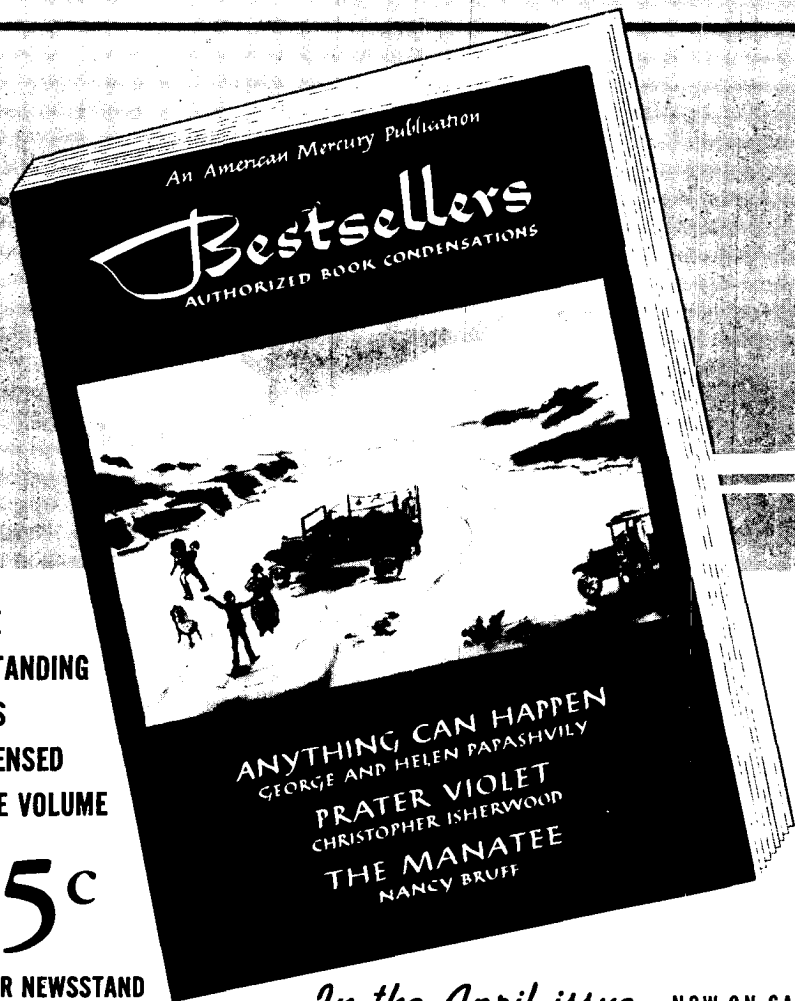
THREE
OUTSTANDING
BOOKS
CONDENSED
IN ONE VOLUME

25¢

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

ENJOY hours of good reading with "Bestsellers" — the new magazine published every other month. Each issue contains skillful condensations of three fiction or non-fiction favorites. Handy pocket size. Buy a copy today at your newsstand — 25¢.

BY SUBSCRIPTION: \$1.50 A YEAR. "Bestsellers" is published every other month—six times a year. Enjoy the convenience of door-step delivery . . . be sure of getting every issue . . . by sending your subscription to "Bestsellers," 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. (In Canada: \$1.75. No foreign subscriptions accepted.)



In the April issue — NOW ON SALE —

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN, George and Helen Papashvily

"This is a merry and a funny book. It is a book that bubbles with laughter and high spirits, it glows with gentleness and affection, it sings with joy in life itself." *Orville Prescott, New York Times*

PRATER VIOLET, Christopher Isherwood

"An extremely well-written novel. Prater Violet . . . is such stimulating reading, that one can only hope other young British and American novelists can find their way to Mr. Isherwood's Shangri-La near Hollywood and Vine." *Saturday Review of Literature*

THE MANATEE, Nancy Bruff

"The sweep of Miss Bruff's narrative is irresistible. The Manatee will provide anyone with an absorbing evening's entertainment." *Philadelphia Inquirer* . . . "A first novel by a writer of unmistakable talent." *The New Yorker*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



What is a REAL PRESS CONFERENCE* Like?

THE INTERVIEWED

These notables have appeared, or soon will:

Eric Johnston
Sen. Burton K. Wheeler
Henry A. Wallace
Paul A. Porter
Harry Bridges
Robert Patterson
J. Robert Oppenheimer
Walter Reuther
Ira Mosher
Herbert L. Brownell

THE INTERVIEWERS

A few of the top-flight newsmen who have appeared:

Ernest K. Lindley, Newsweek
Marquis Childs
Edgar Ansel Mowrer
James Reston, N. Y. Times
Fred Perkins, Scripps Howard
Dorothy Thompson
John P. Lewis, PM
Tex McCrary

For the answer tune in on **MEET THE PRESS**. Each week the *Mutual Broadcasting System*, and the editors of **THE AMERICAN MERCURY**, invite you to America's press conference of the air. Men who make the news meet ace reporters who write it, and the result is one of radio's most stimulating, exciting, and revealing half hours.

Consult your local newspaper for the time on MEET THE PRESS, over the Mutual Broadcasting System.

**The press conference pictured above shows J. Robert Oppenheimer, atomic bomb expert, being interviewed.*

"MEET THE PRESS" AMERICA'S PRESS CONFERENCE
OF THE AIR • PRESENTED BY MUTUAL IN COOPERATION
WITH THE EDITORS OF THE AMERICAN MERCURY

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

with which is combined the magazine, COMMON SENSE

VOLUME
LXII

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER
269

MAY, 1946

Acheson of the State Department.....	Benjamin Stolberg	519
The Stupidity of a Big Navy.....	W. Barton Leach	527
The Decline of the Editorial Page.....	Alan Barth	532
What Ails Our High Schools?.....	Benjamin M. Steigman	540
Balance Sheet of Russian Expansion.....	William Henry Chamberlin	547
What Ever Became of Texas?.....	Stanley Walker	555
Why Denazification Is Lagging.....	Donald B. Robinson	563
What Is Known About Streptomycin.....	William Ellsworth Craft	571
Wilhelmina of the Netherlands.....	Hendrik de Leeuw	578

THE THEATRE:

<i>The Lute, the Trombone and Criticism</i>	George Jean Nathan	587
The Sugar Shortage and Politics.....	Hubert A. Kenny	591
The Willy Trader, <i>A Story</i>	William J. Ryan	598
Giannini: Shadow of a Dictator.....	Denis Plimmer	603

DOWN TO EARTH:

<i>Mussels and Meanings</i>	Alan Devoe	612
Oppression in the Sudetenland.....	F. A. Voight	617

POETRY:

<i>Sing to Me</i>	Pfc. Lee Richard Hayman	539
<i>In the Small Hours of the Morning</i>	Charles Angoff	586
<i>And So the Dream</i>	Mae Winkler Goodman	616

THE LIBRARY:

<i>The Faith of a Liberal</i>	Granville Hicks	624
-------------------------------------	-----------------	-----

CHECK LIST.....		516
-----------------	--	-----

OPEN FORUM.....		632
-----------------	--	-----

CARTOON BY STEINBERG

COVER (Queen Wilhelmina) by Hirschfeld

Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscriptions, \$3.00 in U. S. and possessions, and in the countries of the Pan American Union; \$3.50 in Canada. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A. Copyright 1946 by The American Mercury, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all other countries

participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. No article may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

Lawrence E. Spivak, *Editor and Publisher* Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*
Mildred Falk, *Associate Editor*; John Higham, *Editorial Assistant*; J. W. Ferman, *Business Manager*;
Richard E. Decker, *Newsstand Manager*; Elizabeth Pinkston, *Promotion Manager*



Long Distance is catching up too

More Long Distance calls go through as you hold the wire. Long delays are fewer.

The service is getting better, but we've still got a good way to go before we get back to pre-war service.

Once we catch up with that, we'll keep right on going and try to make the record even better.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



25¢

FOR
THE BEST
MYSTERIES

ON THE NEWSSTANDS

Bestseller Mysteries

Reprints of the nation's best
selling mysteries . . . abridged
for fast-paced reading . . . at
your newsstand on the 15th of
each month.

A NEW ONE EVERY MONTH!

THE AMERICAN MERCURY, INC.

570 Lexington Avenue

New York 22, N. Y.

Send me your *Bestseller Mystery* each
month for one year — twelve books.
I enclose \$3.00.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY NO. STATE

AM 5-46

CHECK LIST

MUSIC

FLORESTAN: *The Life and Work of Robert Schumann*, by Robert Haven Schauffler. \$3.75. *Holt.* Mr. Schauffler, whose excellent studies of Beethoven and Brahms will be remembered, has here written the best general critical biography of Schumann in English. He divides his book into two sections: The Man and The Music, and to the discussion of each he brings sound information and good judgment. He is one of the few biographers to portray Clara Schumann realistically; he shows that she was occasionally stubborn and simple-minded, and he thinks that she probably did have intimate relations with Brahms while her husband was hopelessly demented. In his analysis of Schumann's music, Mr. Schauffler emphasizes its amazing originality and rhythmical boldness, as well as its supreme romanticism. There are many illustrations, a good bibliography and three indices. Altogether, a valuable contribution to musicology.

COMPOSER AND CRITIC: *Two Hundred Years of Musical Criticism*, by Max Graf. \$3.75. *Norton.* Dr. Graf was for years an eminent Viennese music critic, learned, alert and judicious. Here he attempts a rapid survey of the history of music criticism, and succeeds admirably. He reports good-naturedly; he doesn't gloat over stupidities or display unseemly professional pride when recording the work of such great critics as Ernest Newman of England or the late Philip Hale of Boston. His section on music criticism in the United States is brief but fairly comprehensive and intelligent. Unfortunately, the index is so brief as to be worthless.

BIOGRAPHY

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE. \$3.75. *Macmillan.* Mr. White was born in 1868 and died in 1944, and for at least half of that time was perhaps the most influential individual newspaperman in the United States. He owned and edited a small-town paper, the

Emporia Gazette, but he mixed with the mighty and they listened to him because he had something to say — and because he truly was the voice of a vast section of this country. He wanted “progress,” but in an orderly fashion; he hated “capital,” but he respected “initiative”; he admired learning but he was ill at ease among genuine profundities; he could smell a political fraud a mile away, but he distrusted overly brilliant men — all of which explains why, despite his “liberalism” and “independence,” he always came back to the Republican Party.

In this book, which unfortunately stops with the early 1920's, Mr. White rambles on pleasantly and at times shrewdly about his boyhood influences, his newspaper career, and his wide circle of friends in the political and journalistic worlds. His portraits of the Presidents since Cleveland's day are little masterpieces. In the main, he is friendly and “understanding,” but he can also be very sharp, as witness this stab at Woodrow Wilson: “When he tried to be pleasant he creaked.” The volume makes easy and richly rewarding reading, and probably tells more about Midwest America than a hundred weighty academic studies.

BURMA SURGEON RETURNS, by Gordon S. Seagrave, M.D. \$3.00. *Norton*. Few people have ever carried the white man's burden to “fluttered folk and wild” with more becoming grace and understanding than the Burma surgeon. His previous book described the years of medical service which he gave to the northern Shan states before the Japanese invasion. In this sequel Dr. Seagrave relates his part, as lieutenant colonel, in the joint Chinese-American reconquest down the Ledo Road. It is a story of medical triumphs, salty personal encounters, and appalling jungle conditions, interspersed with wise and shrewd observations on subjects ranging from Chinese fighting qualities to Burmese religious discord. Dr. Seagrave's crotchety but generous nature has a frankness and a transparency that makes his biography thoroughly engaging. Although disjointed and unpolished, it is an absorbing and a cheering record.

AMERICA IS IN THE HEART, by Carlos Bulosan. \$3.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. As a child, Carlos Bulosan knew the hopeless poverty of a
(Continued on page 630)

Memorial Edition AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY



By
**Theodore
Dreiser**

With a brilliantly reminiscent
new introduction by

H. L. Mencken

Dreiser was in the vanguard of those who freed American literature from Victorian taboos and Pollyannaism. Mencken was among the first to recognize his literary stature; and we are proud to present a new edition of this memorable novel with Mencken's sympathetic introduction. Complete and unabridged in one volume. 864 pages. **\$3.00**

Wherever Books are Sold

THE World PUBLISHING COMPANY
CLEVELAND and NEW YORK

Announcing

[A Pre-Publication Announcement and Special
Invitation to Readers of The American Mercury]

WORLD REPORT



Momentous days lie ahead. The shooting part of World War II is ended.

But have we in the United States the will and the determination to follow through on the course to which the War committed us, now that War's unifying

influence is gone?

How far will Soviet Russia go in her efforts to expand her political empire through use of the technique she tested out in Iran?

How long can we use the secret of the atomic bomb to insure the good behavior of other nations? And what happens when this period of grace runs out?

Which way will Latin America go—a realistic Latin America which has already taken cognizance of our internal dissension and the resulting lack of flow of goods to her markets?

How much longer can democratic England hold out against the world tides of rival ideologies?

For those thinking people who see the real significance of America's new position in world affairs, for those thinking people who realize our responsibility and recognize our opportunity, for those who really want to know what is going on beyond our own boundaries, **WORLD REPORT** is to be published.

WORLD REPORT, a new weekly magazine—the only one of its kind—will be devoted exclusively to reporting, analyzing and forecasting the news of international affairs. **WORLD REPORT** is dedicated to a greater America through fuller understanding of world events, world problems, world opportunities.



Every weekly issue will "brief" you on the business, economic and political outlook for the world as a whole, and for important nations in particular.

Special studies—none of them over two pages in length—will give you crystal-clear insight into situations of major importance—whether they be the world plans of Russia, the struggle for foreign oil or rubber sources, trouble in Latin America or the Balkans, England's fight against her decline in power, or our opportunities for trade in Europe or the Far East.

Each issue will be liberally illustrated with pictures and maps which so often tell the story better than words. Unique pictograms will help you grasp the significance of major trends at a glance. **WORLD REPORT** will contain information of great value to those who intend to travel or do business in other countries.

WORLD REPORT will be published by the same organization which now publishes the authoritative, analytical news magazine, *The United States News*, covering domestic affairs.

The coupon below entitles you to a Charter Subscription to **WORLD REPORT** at the special Founders' Rate, \$4 for fifty-two issues, with the understanding that there will be no charge if the first few weekly issues do not please you. Returning this coupon promptly will ensure your receipt of Volume I, Number 1, as soon as it is off the press.



WORLD REPORT

WASHINGTON 7, D. C.

Here's Your Invitation
to Become a
Charter Subscriber!



FINISH TEARING AND MAIL

WORLD REPORT . . . WASHINGTON 7, D. C.

I Accept Your Invitation to become a Charter Subscriber for **WORLD REPORT** at the special Founders' Rate of \$4 for fifty-two issues. If I am not pleased with the first weekly issues, there is to be no charge.

Name _____

Please to No. _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

published by

THE UNITED STATES NEWS PUBLISHING CORPORATION, WASHINGTON 7, D. C.

The American MERCURY

ACHESON OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

DEAN Acheson was born in Middletown, Connecticut, on April 11, 1893, and immediately made good.

His father was an Englishman who became the Episcopal Bishop of Connecticut, a man of sterling disposition, somewhat on the dictatorial side, but tempered by benevolence and a nice vein of British humor. His mother was a Gooderham of Walker, Gooderham and Worts, the Canadian distillers of Hiram Walker fame. She was a woman of wealth, poise and charm, who knew how to handle Life With Father, which was doubtless more muted than in the Day menage. The three children, two boys and a girl, were brought up in a home which conspicuously lacked every trace of disadvantage. Otherwise it had every advantage — dignified riches, high so-

cial position, decorous piety and considerable culture.

After a correct but happy childhood, Dean went to Groton ('11), Yale College ('15) and the Harvard Law School ('18). At Yale he made the Scroll and Key but also Phi Beta Kappa. At the Law School he made the *Harvard Law Review*, which is a genuine accomplishment, and the bright elite of Professor Frankfurter, which foreshadowed a career of smart corporation law with a liberal outlook. The friendship between Acheson and Frankfurter has persisted through the years, and almost any day one can see them walking together on Pennsylvania Avenue, somewhat to the disturbance of those citizens who do not relish the Frankfurter influence in the State Department.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is author of several books including *The Story of the CIO and Tailor's Progress*. His interpretations of the contemporary political and economic scene have appeared in all the major national magazines.

The most significant period in young Acheson's evolution was from 1919 to 1921, when he was private secretary to the late Mr. Justice Brandeis, a post which Felix Frankfurter used to fill from the pick of his students. This job with the Sage of the Supreme Court was considered, by those who so considered it, an almost ineffable graduate fellowship. Acheson was especially close to Brandeis. "Dean loved Brandeis and Brandeis loved Dean," a friend of both informed me with a touch of hushed reverence.

It is difficult to make out Brandeis' social philosophy which is at bottom contradictory. Brandeis combined the traditions of Bull Moose progressivism with a medley of European socialisms. He feared the dictatorial menace of "bigness" in industry and business, yet he believed in government by administrative agencies, responsible to the executive and with quasi-legislative and judicial powers. The alphabet soup of the New Deal was ladled out of Mr. Brandeis' ideological pot, where it had been brewing for years. His real genius lay in endowing his views with the appearance of constructive statesmanship and in creating an atmosphere of mellow sagacity and humble goodness.

His influence on Acheson was two-fold. He had great legal learning and oblique astuteness, which no doubt sharpened his secretary's professional talents. And his outlook stained the young man's political fancy a pale pink, at times entirely invisible but

turning a deeper shade when subjected to ultra-red treatment. This may explain why Under Secretary Acheson was perfectly willing to speak at a Communist-inspired mass meeting at Madison Square Garden on the same platform with the Dean of Canterbury, the red crackpot of the Church of England who is also an editor of the London *Daily Worker*.

II

In 1921 Acheson went to work for Covington, Burling and Rublee, one of Washington's and the country's great law firms. And for the next twenty years, with the exception of a few hectic months as Under Secretary of the Treasury in 1933, he practiced corporate and international law. His sense of *noblesse oblige* made him anxious in the early days of his practice to get some labor cases. But in the twenties, the AFL was not in search of fashionable young counsel and nothing came of it. In later years his income from his law practice averaged between sixty and seventy thousand a year.

While still a junior at Law School, he married Alice Stanley of Detroit, a woman of remarkable beauty and some talent as a painter. Their three children are all married. Besides their home in Georgetown, they have a one-hundred acre farm, Harewood, in Sandy Springs, Maryland. The Achesons are popular in Washington society, from the horsey to the high-brow set, and their assured social

position plays an important part in their lives.

Dean Acheson thinks of himself as an aristocrat, which is descriptive enough, and believes that his place in life imposes on him the duty of participation in public affairs — without, of course, fanatical self-sacrifice. While out of office he satisfies his feeling for social significance by taking part in the community life of the Maryland farmers of his neighborhood. In this respect, as in many others, he reflects his admiration for the English upper classes. Indeed, at bottom, Acheson is an Anglo-American in the same sense in which La Guardia is an Italian-American and Willkie was a German-American — not in the hyphenated but in the cultural sense in which every first generation American reflects his immediate national and family background.

Mr. Acheson looks what he is. He is tall, blue-eyed, with reddish curly hair and a small waxed mustache, impeccably under-tailored and aristocratically democratic. Five people who know him well and like him, two of them men for whose acuteness I have great respect, described him to me in a string of almost identical adjectives: brilliant, able, impatient, intolerant, aristocratic and attractive. His critics admit these qualities but they add that his brilliance is more technical and his ability more efficient than profound. And to judge by his performance as Under Secretary of State, I am inclined to think that

his impatience does not spring from the intolerance that wisdom might have for folly, but from the arrogance of the easily successful, and therefore somewhat spoiled, toward those who oppose them.

His impatience may well be a function of his youthfulness. He is young for a man of fifty-three, not just in the physical sense but as though life as a whole had been merely a bigger and better extension of his brilliant career at Yale and at the Harvard Law School. And perhaps that is why he has never reached the highest rung of the ladder. A fine lawyer, he is no Brandeis or Hughes or Root. He has been Under Secretary of the Treasury and is now Under Secretary of State, but somehow one does not think of him as getting the Big Job itself. His is only the penultimate glory of achievement. He has never met failure, and his success flows from a secure background and a smooth rise rather than from the development of inner power. Acheson has an enviable assortment of excellent qualities, from ability to zest, but he lacks that It of character that comes only when such qualities are integrated deep down in one's being.

In May 1933, Acheson was appointed Under Secretary of the Treasury. He was recommended to Secretary Woodin not only by his New Deal friends but also by such financial authorities as Paul Warburg and Lewis W. Douglas. Woodin was a mortally

ill man and much of the time Acheson was Acting Secretary. Those were the days when the banks had just reopened, and it seemed imperative to raise our entire price structure. Henry Morgenthau persuaded the President to call in Professor Warren, his former teacher of farm management at Cornell. The professor, who had achieved some distinction by stimulating hens into greater fertility, believed that the level of prices depends on the gold content of the dollar, which is of course partly true. But Warren fanatically held that that was the sole cause, and FDR encouraged him to monkey with the dollar day by day, as though its gold content were an unflinching thermometer of the price structure. The world watched breathlessly the modern Paracelsus as prices rose. But it soon became evident that prices consent or refuse to fall for many reasons — and the professor returned to his fowl husbandry in Ithaca.

Acheson, who was with the New Deal in spirit but too intelligent to fall for its more cockeyed contortions, watched the animated Morgenthau-Warren fiscal folly with considerable misgivings. And when the President asked him what he thought of this great experiment in alchemy, he gave it as his opinion that it was illegal, cautiously refraining from any economic judgment. The opinion did not appeal to Mr. Roosevelt, who forthwith fired him, in the cold of November, without even a slip in his pay envelope. Acheson learned from the

reporters that his untendered resignation had been accepted. Later he said that he had “resigned,” apparently on the truthful theory that he was very happily resigned to having nothing to do with the Treasury, especially since he also disapproved of the President’s torpedoing of the London Monetary Conference. He gladly went back to his law firm, which now blossomed out as Covington, Burling, Rublee, Acheson and Schorb.

During the next seven years he was prodigiously absorbed by his practice and other interests. He represented Norway and Sweden before the Hague Tribunal. He defended the power companies before the Supreme Court in their fight against competing WPA projects. He also defended the New York minimum wage law. His firm represented many corporations — a number of Morgan interests, the Radio Corporation of America, the Du Ponts, the New Jersey Standard Oil, the American Tel. and Tel. He found time to address two labor conventions. He was elected a Fellow of the Yale Corporation. He prepared a 1000-page report on administrative law for a committee of distinguished lawyers called together by the Attorney-General. In 1940 he became very active in the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, in which connection he supported the legality of the transfer of fifty destroyers to Great Britain. He worked long and hard, made a lot of money and had a lot of fun. “I have no political ambitions. I want a drink,”

said the scion of the House of Hiram Walker to a hostess, and meant it. And he kept on voting for Roosevelt.

But his friends wanted him back in the administration. In 1939 Frank Murphy persuaded the President to offer him a judgeship on the Circuit Court of Appeals; he refused. Finally Cordell Hull asked for him, and in February 1941 Roosevelt made Acheson Assistant Secretary of State.

III

Acheson came into the Department with flying colors. The Lefts hailed him for his social orientation and forgave him his momentary aberration as a "sound money man," for which the Rights appreciated him. Secretary Hull, a staunch nineteenth century free trader who passionately believed in his trade agreements, asked Dean to keep an eye on them. But his main job was as liaison officer for the Department with Congress. And in spite of his dashing air, which usually stiffens the sales resistance of our Solons, he became rather popular on the Hill. He considered himself the solicitor of the Department and the economic interpreter of its policies. He knew no such thing as "must" legislation. And in his role he was most persuasive.

His argument for the extension of Lend-Lease was a masterpiece of business seductiveness. As he developed his theme, one was apt to forget that Lend-Lease was a munificent, though vitally essential, gift to our Allies; one

was led to believe that it was one of the soundest and safest of business investments. And he expounded Bretton Woods, into which we put most of the money, with equal allure. Bretton Woods might be defended on the assumption that, unless Uncle Sam is willing to play the part of the rich uncle to his international relations, they will go under. But, according to Acheson, Bretton Woods is splendid business. It is difficult to see, of course, how he could be for both Bretton Woods and free trade, for in effect Bretton Woods requires government control of all foreign exchanges, which is the opposite of free trade. The UNRRA, also mainly financed by us, Mr. Acheson described as a purely humanitarian enterprise, which it certainly is on our part. But I have yet to see him mention that the Soviet Union is abusing it in eastern and southeastern Europe for its own political purposes.

Some financial authorities, while admiring Mr. Acheson's virtuosity, criticized his intellectual integrity. But such carping criticism disregards the fact that he is primarily a good lawyer and as such he argued for his client, the State Department, with a mind as brilliantly open to fictions as it is to facts.

When Byrnes succeeded Stettinius in July 1945, Acheson decided to leave. There was a general exodus of Assistant Secretaries from the State Department, including its poet laureate, Archibald MacLeish, his close friend and Yale classmate. After the

war there seemed little for Acheson to do. Ben Cohen, the new Counsellor of the Department, assured him that Byrnes was going to be a great Secretary of State. Acheson, however, remained indifferent. Four years at \$10,000 a year seemed enough of a sacrifice for the public weal; he wanted to go back to his practice. He resigned.

But three days later Byrnes, urged by Ben Cohen, offered him the Under Secretaryship of State. A call to such eminent service Dean Acheson could not refuse. And on August 27 he entered upon his new duties.

It is our tradition, a pretty sound tradition, that the Secretary of State need not be an expert in foreign affairs. The expert, the chief administrative officer and policy adviser, is the Under Secretary. Most of our Under Secretaries have had long experience in diplomacy: Castle, Phillips, Long, Welles, Grew. But Acheson had none, and knows next to nothing about the inner politics of international relations. To be sure, unlike some of our statesmen, he can tell the geographical difference between Cilicia and Silesia. But who's who, against whom and why, or just what the relations between different forces and parties in foreign countries might be — information which a Sumner Welles has at his finger tips — is all more or less Greek to Mr. Acheson. A high formal education is no substitute for expertness.

And so our Under Secretary is

constantly wetting his finger to see which way the winds are blowing. Naturally he is wetting his finger in the atmosphere in which he moves, and that atmosphere is one of confused "liberalism" and Soviet "friendship" in the romantic sense. The truth is that he is not an astute and fundamental observer; his brilliance is professional, feasible, feckless and on the surface. Nor is he a strong personality; he is sensitive to the pseudo-liberal opinions of *PM*, the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, of the fashionably-leftish journalists, commentators, bureaucrats, professors and movie stars. As Under Secretary of State, he has been constantly under the influence and pressure of these waves of opinion, set in motion and manipulated by an invisible force.

So much for the fumes he inhales. The ground he has stood on during his five years in the State Department, is that of Soviet appeasement, which found its fullest expression at Yalta. President Roosevelt and Hopkins were profoundly convinced that the peace of the world depended on such appeasement. After Roosevelt's death, Hopkins became for a brief but most strategic moment extremely important because he had been the President's *alter ego* and was in possession of all the secrets of Yalta. Harry Hopkins was one of the most fascinating personalities of our times: sick, infinitely shrewd, amoral, power-hungry for and deeply loyal to his friend, whose greatness he needed to play the emotional host to his own

- parasitic psyche. President Truman sent him to Moscow to prepare the Potsdam Conference, and in the Kremlin Hopkins sold out Polish freedom for the sake of "unity," a betrayal which inevitably led to deeper appeasement.

- Now what the Byrneses and Achesons and Cohens refuse to understand is that the appeasement of a totalitarian power which depends in its international politics on Fifth Column penetration, automatically involves the appeasement of this very penetration at home. Mr. Acheson's policies amply illustrate this political axiom.

IV

The President and the Secretary of State determine broad policy. The Under Secretary is really the managing director of the Department. Alert, able and efficient, Mr. Acheson more than carries his weight. He administers policies, he guides the personnel, he knows what is going on. He must be aware that there are quite a number of Soviet sympathizers in important posts, and that some of them are much more than sympathizers. The Department of Justice has the facts on those gentlemen, which occasionally have spilled over into the press. The issue has been raised by responsible leaders in Congress. But all accusations are superciliously brushed aside. The reason, presumably, is that we want no trouble with Russia. But since when is the nature of the per-

sonnel in our foreign office the business of a foreign power? The answer is since Pearl Harbor and especially since Teheran and Yalta. The State Department has even discouraged action against Soviet espionage in this country, which is probably more widespread than in Canada. At this writing it looks as if the American point of view might win, for the Rules Committee of the House has prevailed upon the Judiciary Committee to undertake a thorough investigation of foreign influence in the State Department.

Young John S. Service was stationed in China. While there he was playing the pro-Chinese Communist game against our policy and against Ambassador Hurley's efforts. Later, in this country, he was arrested with five others for violation of the Espionage Act. The Grand Jury reported that insufficient evidence was presented in his case. He was close to Philip Jaffe, who had been arrested with him, pleaded guilty and paid a fine of \$2,500. Now Mr. Service is State Department advisor to General MacArthur. Why?

Mr. Acheson never criticized Service. But he did criticize General MacArthur. He put him in his place — just when the international Communist press and all its allies were howling for his scalp — by telling the world that the State Department and not the General determines policy in Japan. The General had done nothing to challenge this simple doctrine. He took his orders from the President,

who is his chief as well as the head of the State Department. The President expressed his entire satisfaction with the job MacArthur is doing in Japan. Later Mr. Byrnes, too, commended the General. The United States has a much clearer policy in the Far East than anywhere else; we have had much experience in the Far East. We are backing the Chinese national government, and the simple truth is that our interests in China and Japan do not coincide with those of Soviet Russia. But the views of some circles in the State Department do not seem to coincide with those of the White House. Eugene Dooman, for many years our leading authority on Far Eastern affairs, has been crowded out of the Department during Mr. Acheson's reorganization of it. And the head of the Far Eastern Division is John Carter Vincent, who most certainly does not discourage the pro-Soviet element.

At the request of a left-wing lady editor, Mr. Acheson granted an interview to Dr. Juan Negrin, then the wheelhorse of Moscow in the Spanish Republican forces and without any official status. But he refused to see cabinet members of the Spanish Government in Exile, a government of socialists and progressives which the Soviet Union is trying to torpedo, until William Green of the AFL and others put the heat on him. Acheson is strongly for the fall of the Franco government. All good Americans are

against Franco. But the policy of trying to overthrow Franco may lead to a civil war in Spain which Moscow and its stooges would welcome as a way to establish a Communist regime in Madrid. Is it to our interest to see a Spanish Lublin? Fortunately the British are playing down the idea of an adventure in Spain and we are following suit.

Volumes could be written on the ominous follies of our Soviet appeasement from March 1945 to March 1946. The Vandenberg and Dulles speeches, Mr. Byrnes' splendid rendition of the Vandenberg concerto before the Overseas Press Club and Churchill's memorable addresses have cleared the air. Many Americans are beginning to sense that only a realistic attitude toward the Soviet Union can prevent a third world war. But the same cannot be said for Mr. Acheson at this writing.

Those who know him best insist that Dean Acheson is not a fellow traveler. But his whole intellectual background, ever since the days when he joined the Frankfurter circle in Cambridge, predisposes him toward that wing of our liberal tradition which got lost on the totalitarian left. This is why, for all his intelligence, he does not grasp the moral crisis of our age, the nature of the conflict between democratic liberty, imperfect as it may be, and totalitarian despotism, "liberal" as it may seem.



THE STUPIDITY OF A BIG NAVY

BY W. BARTON LEACH

WE HAVE the biggest hoard of gold metal in the world — practically all there is outside the British Empire. We also have the biggest Navy in the world — practically all there is outside the British Empire.

We know the gold hoard is no good to us, for the rest of the world quit the gold standard game when we swept in all the chips — but at least the gold, safely stored in the underground vaults of Fort Knox, doesn't cost us anything to keep.

As much cannot be said for the peacetime establishment of 1079 ships and 667,000 men proposed by the Navy Department. It will cost, by their estimate, \$5,073,000,000 a year at the outset. This, it is said, will be reduced to \$3,500,000,000 a year later — but cost reductions of this nature are not always realized. For example, only last September Secretary Forrestal estimated the annual expenditure at two and four-fifths billion to four billion dollars. In the intervening half year the plans have expanded to their present size. Retrenchment and deflation are definitely not in the air.

What will we get for our five bil-

lion dollars? If it's national security and this amount of money is needed, we ought to pay it, and gladly. But five billion dollars is a terrific annual burden. It is a mortgage on every pay check of every taxpayer — a substantial increase in that withholding tax — a substantial increase in those percentages by which you compute your surtax. We can't afford money in these figures for gratitude to the admirals or for handsome naval showpieces. This deserves a careful look.

To put five billion dollars in some kind of perspective, compare it with the following figures:

Highest annual expenditures of U. S. Navy in World War I — one and seven-tenths billion dollars.

Expenditures of U. S. Navy in 1940, when war had come to the world and three hostile Axis nations had big and growing fleets — nine-tenths billion dollars.

Expenditures for all armed forces — Army, Navy, Air Force — in the same year — one and a half billion dollars.

Total expenditures of federal government in same year — nine and three-fifths billion dollars.

Total expenditures of federal government in 1928, peak year of the lush twenties — three and three-fifths billion dollars.

W. BARTON LEACH is professor of law at Harvard University. From 1942 through 1945 he served as Chief of the Operations Analysis Division, U. S. Army Air Forces.

Total expenditures of federal government in 1935 during the free spending and pump-priming of the New Deal — seven and a half billion dollars.

Most startling of all:

Appropriation for the British Navy this year — one billion dollars.

And remember, the Navy proposal for a five-billion-dollar fleet now and three and a half billions (perhaps) later covers only one of the three services. The Ground Forces and the Air Forces must go on top of that. Are we mad?

To put in perspective the proposal to keep 667,000 men in the Navy, compare the following figures:

Highest number of naval personnel in World War I — 526,098.

Naval personnel in 1933, when Hitler came to power — 88,000 men.

Naval personnel in 1940, when the world was at war and three hostile Axis nations had big and growing fleets — 171,000 men.

And now hold your hat:

Prime Minister Attlee's official manpower requirement for the British Navy for 1946 — 175,000!

Current estimate for the permanent British Navy — 100,000 men!

Why should the British, with their far-flung colonial possessions and their tenuous life-lines of empire, think that they can get along with a navy of 175,000 men now and 100,000 later? For the most sensible reason in the world: because "there is now no potentially hostile Navy of any size in existence anywhere in the world."

Who is wrong?

The British think that the world now holds no naval threat. We, on the other hand, are being asked to support a naval establishment five times as great as we had when the world was shaking with the martial tread of dynamic, powerful, self-proclaimed enemies of the democracies. We are being asked to skim the cream off our standard of living, to accept continued hardships of the kind which make March 15 the black day in the year for most of us.

II

To defend against what? To conduct what naval operations, and in what cause, and against whom?

The answers to these questions requires a review of the navies of the world. It can be made in fairly brief compass.

First outstanding fact: Great Britain has the only other blue-water navy in the world. Before shrinking to its 100,000 man postwar size, it is between one-half and two-thirds the size of the admirals' proposal for ours — fourteen battleships to our eighteen, eleven carriers to our thirty-seven, twenty-seven escort carriers to our seventy-nine, sixty-one cruisers to our eighty-two, and so on. In only one category, light destroyer escorts, do the British have more ships than we.

Second outstanding fact: outside of the navies of the United States and Great Britain there is only one aircraft

carrier — a lease-lend job from Britain now operated by the French. This statement includes escort carriers. Repeat, not one carrier anywhere in the world — not in Russia, not in Argentina, nowhere. This means that there is no non-English-speaking nation which possesses *any* of the air striking power by which navies alone can operate, by which they operated during this war.

Hasn't Russia a blue-water navy? No. She has an ancient collection of light short-range vessels for the Black Sea, the Baltic, and the close approaches to Vladivostok. She has four battleships, built between 1897 and 1915, "modernized" before 1940. No carriers of any kind, not one. Ten cruisers, shallow draft and small range, 6600 to 7200 tons, some built as early as 1903, three-inch side armor, substantially no deck armor for protection against air attack. Some fifty destroyers and forty-seven destroyer escorts. Around 200 submarines, mostly small and short range, about a third obsolete.

Argentina is another possible trouble spot. How about her? Two battleships built in 1908, refitted in 1925. No carriers, of course. Three cruisers. Fifteen destroyers. Three subs. About the same collection as Brazil. (But this is no reason to feel relieved about either the Soviets or Peron. Such threat as Russia or Argentina offers to the peace of the world and this country's security is not, never has been and never will be a naval threat. If the evil day ever comes when either

of them embarks upon hostile enterprise, it will not be upon the seas.)

Anybody else? No. From Argentina one looks down through a list of naval trifles belonging to some fifteen countries, ending up with an admiral's barge for Iran — which isn't a bad place to begin a navy.

So what is an American navy of 1079 ships with 667,000 men and five billion dollars a year going to fight? Is it the British? There isn't anyone else around.

Before World War I England adopted the most extreme naval policy of modern history — the "two-power standard." This required that England have a fleet equal to the combined fleets of the two next largest naval powers. Those were the days of the race in naval construction, of Hohenzollern mustaches and toasts to *Der Tag*, of the Grand Fleet and the High Seas Fleet, of the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente. Also it was before the days of the airplane, before it had been demonstrated that nothing on the surface of the sea can remain afloat except by sufferance of air power.

Great Britain's two-power policy made sense — as of that time. But at the present time she sees no aggregation of potentially hostile naval power and no reason to burden her reconstruction and reconversion program with a Navy in excess of 175,000 men now and 100,000 later. This makes sense — as of *this* time.

By way of contrast, the 1079-ship, 667,000-man, five-billion-dollar pro-

gram now offered by the admirals is not a two-power standard but a fifty-two-power standard with plenty to spare.

III

Plainly a decision that this country must support indefinitely this tax-eating marine behemoth is a matter to be carefully weighed in the light of our foreign policy and the capabilities of our potential enemies. Who made this decision? Not the President, the constitutional commander-in-chief. Not in any degree the Secretary of State, responsible for our foreign commitments, nor the State-War-Navy Coordinating Committee set up for joint consideration of matters which concern military and foreign policy. Not the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the body of top ground-sea-air commanders charged with determination of strategy and policy relating to the armed forces.

Secretary Forrestal has given the answer: "The pattern of the fleet we are talking about is cut to the conditions of the world as *we* see them today." It is "*we*," the admirals, who decided that "*we*" must have this enormous establishment. "*We*" jumped the gun on the Army and the Air Force. "*We*" by-passed the Joint Chiefs of Staff, which "*we*," fighting against unification of the services in another committee room, are extolling as an effective organism for control of the armed forces instead of the futile forum for disagreements which the record discloses it to be.

The timing of the 1079-ship proposal is most astute. If it can be made into the law of the land, "*we*" will find only minor terrors in a unification of the armed services where all three services can be judged on their military merits, for "*we*" will have a legislative mortgage on the new Department of Common Defense. Even if this should fail, the thinking will become set more or less in the vicinity of 1000 ships, 600,000 men, and five billion dollars, and this will be pretty good psychological insurance against any reduction to the sort of figures which the British believe to be adequate for their imperial lines of communication. Again, with the huge record of wartime expenditures and the current national debt of 279 billions, the public is billion-minded and will take some time to deflate its financial thinking to peacetime figures. And finally, the public is Navy-minded because of the whale of a job the Naval Air Arm did during the war.

This last must be not only admitted but proclaimed. Backed by the American taxpayer and American industry, manned by American youth, led by professional commanders of superb skill and courage, the U. S. Naval Air Arm overpowered the Japanese Navy and wiped it off the face of the globe. It is clear that it had a massive superiority in everything: materiel, manpower, skill, and leadership. It crushed the Nip fleet as no fleet in modern times has ever been crushed.

And the admirals worked them-

selves out of a job. That is the simple and highly complimentary fact.

All glory to the men who bore the heat of the battle! All honor to their commanders! And all material benefits which can be awarded to them within the pattern of our democratic ways. But we must wipe the tears of gratitude from our eyes before we consider proposals which can saddle us with burdens impossible to bear. Gratitude is no basis for increasing the authorization for line officers of the Regular Navy from 7300 before the war and 13,000 at the date of Pearl Harbor to the 40,000 now requested as one basic element in the current plan. Of course, this would be a tremendous boon to the present officer corps, for the flood of new officers coming in would justify and require a dazzling series of promotions in permanent grade for those who are already there. But there are less expensive ways of conferring such benefits if they are intended — a bill increasing pay to compensate for increased cost of living, bonuses for war service, even straight promotions if they can be given without incurring the ancillary expense of bringing in

a horde of new officers and men to be commanded.

Just imagine, if you can, that this nation is plumped down into the world of today with no armed forces at all and that we are considering what kind of ships we need, and how many, and what they ought to cost in men and money. Would we build a navy of 1079 ships, manned by 667,000 men, and costing three and a half to five billion dollars a year? How many battleships would we build? Eighteen? Any? How many heavy cruisers? How big a carrier force would suffice, bearing in mind that no one but the British has any at all? How far would we go above the British manpower figure of 100,000? In how many instances would we conclude that we were just building floating targets for hostile air power?

Such an examination would be a chastening intellectual experience. It might well lead to the conclusion that what we have now is an enormous Thing, useful and valuable in another time and place, much larger than can be of any conceivable use now, and threatening to eat us out of house and home unless we do something about it.



*T*HE impotence of man to govern or restrain the emotions I call bondage, for a man who is under their control is not his own master, but is mastered by fortune, in whose power he is, so that he is often forced to follow the worse, although he sees the better before him.

— SPINOZA: *Ethics*

THE DECLINE OF THE EDITORIAL PAGE

BY ALAN BARTH

THE editorial page, once the heart of any newspaper, has become, far too commonly, a mere vermiform appendix. Still a part of the organism, it has, in many cases, lost almost all organic function.

In all their other aspects, American newspapers have changed mightily during the past century. They have waxed in size and circulation. They have grown encyclopedic. They have inaugurated a host of new services, features and departments for the edification and entertainment of their readers. They have undergone a high degree of standardization. Relying for much of their content on syndicated material, nearly all of the country's dailies carry the same news stories, pictures, comics, columns and feature articles; they also carry the same national advertisements. Their editorial pages are their principal claim to individuality, but this claim is only occasionally made good.

The trouble is that among the heterogeneous wares of many modern American newspapers, the editorial page exists as nothing more than a vestigial survival. Like the buttonhole in the

lapel of a man's jacket or the row of little buttons invariably attached to the jacket cuffs, it is perpetuated as a ritual adornment, its original relevance forgotten, its usefulness outlived.

Most newspapers were started by men who had something they wanted to say. But many of them are carried on today by men who merely have something they want to sell. They have become business enterprises. As William Allen White once observed: "Any newspaper in any American town represents a considerable lot of capital for the size of the town. The owners of newspaper investments, whether they be bankers, stockholders of a corporation, or individuals, feel a rather keen sense of financial responsibility and they pass their anxiety along to newspaper operatives, whether these operatives be superintendents known as managing editors, foremen known as city editors, or mere wage earners known as editorial writers, copy desk men, reporters, or what not. The sense of property goes thrilling down the line."

This sense of property is a much more subtle thing than the idea com-

ALAN BARTH is an editorial writer for the *Washington Post*. His articles have appeared in many national magazines.

monly conveyed in the allegation that newspapers are dominated by their advertisers. Conscious acceptance of advertiser domination is probably rather rare. But the business instinct of many publishers makes them reluctant to antagonize any element in the community — particularly any powerful element. It makes them eschew controversy for fear of alienating any large body of readers. It leaves them more eager to make friends than to influence people.

Perhaps the most serious effect of the sense of property is that it afflicts some owners of newspapers with an allergy to innovation. They become defenders of things as they are because things as they are seem very satisfactory to them. They tend to see any suggestion of change as subversive. It is this tendency which accounts, no doubt, for the marked anti-labor bias of the press and for its blind resistance to social and economic reforms. On matters which threaten to touch their power or their pocketbooks, publishers are generally found to be swimming stubbornly against the main currents of public thought.

Virginius Dabney of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, writing in the *Saturday Review of Literature* of February 24, 1945, appraised publisher conservatism in these terms: "The fact that the average American publisher is not only conservative, but frequently reactionary, and the further fact that he often imposes his views upon his editor, is the greatest single reason why the American editorial page has de-

clined so sharply in influence. Instead of letting trained newspapermen conduct the paper, an art and mystery about which many publishers know little or nothing, they insist upon inflicting their prejudices and predilections upon the entire staff. It is in the realm of editorial policy that this interference produces its most appalling results. The publisher who is imbued with blind preconceptions which stem from no particular study, but merely from the fact that he associates almost entirely with people entertaining similar notions, is hardly the sort of person to formulate an editorial policy which is fair to all classes in the community."

II

The truth is that the average publisher is inclined to look upon his professional personnel with some measure of contempt. He pays them as a rule very low wages and values them accordingly. He leaves the conduct of the editorial page generally to one or two men who have neither the omniscience nor the access to information necessary for intelligent comment upon the gamut of local, national and international events. Some of them, like good schoolteachers, accept this situation because they cannot change it and content themselves with the psychic satisfactions their jobs afford. Some of them resign themselves to being mere grammatical mouthpieces for the boss, translating his prejudices and obsessions into more or less coherent literary form. It is not surprising under such

circumstances that a great many editorial pages have nothing to say and say it very tediously.

"I believe," Henry L. Mencken once said rather extravagantly, "that only a small minority of daily newspapers are intellectually respectable. Some of them are owned by racketeers, and even more by jackasses."

Grove Patterson, one-time president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, couched much the same thought in somewhat more temperate terms. Harold Ickes, in that scathing treatise on the press, *America's House of Lords*, quotes him as having said in 1935: "I am less disturbed about the 'freedom of the press' in the United States than I am about the disposition of so many newspapers not to do anything with the freedom that is theirs. . . . The press in the United States does not suffer from lack of freedom. . . . But with some notable exceptions . . . we suffer from editorial inactivity and mental indolence. The press does not lack courage but in too many quarters it has grown rusty with disuse."

Atrophy of the editorial page is most common in cities where monopoly situations prevail and where chain newspapers subject the community to absentee ownership. Newspapers very badly need the goad of competition; and where it is lacking, they tend to slough off some of their vital functions. Unfortunately, the trend toward consolidation of newspapers into big business units has progressed to such an extent that competition is now lacking

in 85 per cent of all the American cities where dailies are published.

Competition is non-existent in 40 out of the 93 cities in the country with populations over 100,000; all the English-language dailies in each of these communities are published by a single company. The same situation prevails in 71 out of the 106 cities in the population range between 50,000 and 100,000. And in cities under 50,000, there is virtually no competition at all.

Some 370 newspapers, about one-fifth of all the dailies in the country, are links in chain associations; thus their editorial policies are frequently not adapted to the communities in which they are published. Consider the city of Pittsburgh: it has but three daily papers, one owned by the Paul Block chain, one by Scripps-Howard, and one by Hearst. About 300 papers with an aggregate circulation of more than 12,000,000, over one-fourth of the country's daily total, are owned by people living outside the city of publication. And the absentee-owned circulation on Sundays amounts to nearly one-third of the national total.

Perhaps the gravest indictment to be brought against the American press is that it fails as an instrument for the solution of local problems. Editorial pages which fulminate on national and international affairs, fearlessly berating all the abstract forms of evil, frequently ignore matters which lie close to the heart of the communities they are supposed to serve. Publishers and editors are extremely fond of deploring the trend toward leaning upon the federal

government to meet local needs, toward centralization of authority in Washington, toward that standard bugbear, "regimentation." If the trend is a real one, and if it is deplorable, then the small-city newspapers can scarcely escape a heavy share of responsibility for it. For they have ignored needs which they should have exposed. Much that is now being handled from Washington — veterans' rehabilitation, child care centers, housing, racial conflicts, postwar planning — ought to be dealt with at the local level, or at least through federal state-local cooperation. The demand and the drive ought to come from the grass roots.

The first-class newspaper is one which discovers these problems and focuses community attention on them, one which affords a forum for discussion, vigorously advancing proposals to meet the situation and providing the driving force to carry them into execution. There are newspapers, even some in a monopoly position, which take on this sort of responsibility. The Richmond *News-Leader*, for example, undertook last summer a comprehensive study of the effect of war on the finances of its municipality. At its own expense, it employed Dr. Robert Murray Haig of Columbia University, an outstanding authority on municipal government and finance, to come to Richmond, analyze the city's financial status and outlook, report on its defects in municipal organization and make recommendations as to the measures which ought to be taken for the

postwar period. Despite rather strenuous objections from the Chamber of Commerce to the effect that the newspaper was driving away prospective business by these candid disclosures, it published Dr. Haig's findings in a series of thirty-four articles. "It is not often, the *News-Leader* knows," said its editor, Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, "that so comprehensive a study is financed by a newspaper for no other object than the determination of fact." Indeed, it is lamentably rare.

Yet this sort of service, to put it on the lowest level of consideration, is shrewd and sound even from a narrow business point of view. It procures and holds readers; therefore it produces revenue. The newspaper that renders it becomes a vital element in community life. Its editorial page will find no lack of attention, respect and effectiveness.

III

There is an indubitable hunger for editorial comment among newspaper readers. This is reflected at once in the immense popularity of the columnists and in the readership accorded such editorial fare as the newspapers now offer.

There are those who say that if people turn to the editorial page at all today it is to read one or another of the syndicated columns. Harold Ickes, inveterate critic of the press, has observed that "it is probably no exaggeration to say that the columnist has replaced the old-time anonymous edi-

torial writer and he has become a living personality to his large invisible audience, not unlike a Hollywood star."

In point of fact, the best available statistics indicate that this is a good deal of an exaggeration. *The Continuing Study of Newspaper Reading*, conducted by the Advertising Research Foundation, shows that in many if not in most of the papers of all sizes covered in its survey, editorials enjoy a slightly higher percentage of readers than columns. The undeniable popularity of the columnists, in any case, must certainly be due to a general eagerness for interpretation of the news—a hunger for having events viewed in perspective and illuminated by informed comment. There are at least a few editorial pages which surpass any of the columnists in literary style, vigor of expression and intellectual content. Pages such as those of the *New York Herald Tribune*, the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and *St. Louis Star-Times*, the *Des Moines Register* and the *Washington Post*, if I may be forgiven for including a newspaper on which I have the privilege of working, are some of the more conspicuous examples which deserve mention in this category.

The Continuing Study of Newspaper Reading, in a summary report on the first seventy-two newspapers studied, and taking into account prewar as well as wartime studies, reveals that 43 per cent of the men and 27 per cent of the women who were interviewed professed to have read at least one edi-

torial on the day the interview took place. Perhaps there is some inflation in these figures due to a desire on the part of the respondents to appear "intellectual." Nevertheless, they suggest a good deal of editorial reading.

There are remarkable disparities among newspapers with respect to the readership their editorials secure. Only 17 per cent of the men and 9 per cent of the women read so much as a single editorial in the newspaper which had the lowest score in this category among the seventy-two papers summarized. But the figures for the paper with the highest score were: men, 73 per cent; women, 51 per cent. The moral seems pretty plain: editorial pages which offer genuinely substantial fare need not worry about reader appetite.

Nor need they worry about influence. Of course, when editorials merely refurbish the ancient political prejudices of publishers, they are unlikely to carry much impact. And it is no doubt because they have been so prone to do this that they have had so negligible an effect upon the voting inclinations of the American public in all the national elections of the past decade. But every editor who takes a firm and disinterested stand on public issues, who speaks forthrightly, yet in reasoned terms, about matters which genuinely touch the lives of his readers, finds testimonials to their interest in his morning mail. The letters may be full of praise or full of abuse; they may plead a cause or ride a hobby; they may admonish or exhort; they may contain sense or nonsense. Neverthe-

less they afford the surest symptom that the paper is alive, that it is in partnership with its public.

The really great newspaper is one which its readers regard as a public institution. If they get angry when it goes wrong; if they feel entitled to upbraid it for its shortcomings; if they look upon it as the logical forum in which to air their grievances or expound their formulae for the millennium — then the newspaper is a vitally functioning element in the society. Only a virile editorial page can give it such a status.

IV

The best of the modern editorial pages are markedly different in tone from the thunderers of a century or even half a century ago. Critics of the contemporary press are rather fond of looking to the assumed glories of the past and murmuring the nostalgic platitude that “there were giants in those days.” They mean, of course, that present-day editorial writers are dwarfs in comparison with the Greeleys, Darnas and Wattersons of a bygone era.

True enough, though the form of the editorial page remains the same, its spirit has been vastly chastened — not only in those newspapers which make little effort to realize its potentialities but even more strikingly in those which take the greatest pride in their editorials. The personal journalism of the past has largely been abandoned. Charles Merz, the distinguished editor of the *New York Times*, offered

an explanation for this change in an essay on the editorial page written several years ago for the *Annals of The American Academy of Political and Social Science*. “It is a fair statement,” he observed, “that the reason why Horace Greeleys are not writing editorials today is not the scarcity of Horace Greeleys but the difficulty of finding people who would read them.”

In Mr. Merz’s judgment, the comparative sobriety of modern editorial pages stems from the superior sophistication of their readers. Diatribes are certainly within the repertory of contemporary editorial writers; and invective is by no means unknown to them. But for one thing the libel laws have become more rigid, and more rigidly respected, than they used to be. And, for another, sound and fury are no longer sufficient to persuade. News is so much more widely disseminated and readers are so much better informed than they were in Horace Greeley’s time that harangue has necessarily given way to a more patient form of argumentation. “The American editor,” Mr. Merz declared, “may be thought of as a personage who formerly injected his personal bias into almost every line of his newspaper; who then retreated to the editorial page, where he assumed the license to thunder at will; and who has now discovered that he can thunder only when he makes some lightning.”

Certainly there has been a pronounced trend in the better modern editorial pages toward exposition, interpretation and dispassionate ap-

praisal of the news. And it is a useful trend. Few readers possess the background to understand, unaided, the complexities of a conflict between rival factions in China, the implications of a tax bill or a full employment program, the merits of a tangled and embittered industrial dispute. Insofar as editorials serve to single out the essential considerations in such issues and to illuminate their meaning, they help the reader to form a reasoned and informed opinion. Writers who are specialists in foreign affairs, in economics or in labor problems, who have the time to do the requisite research, who have access to the personalities involved in public issues, can render invaluable aid to the citizen who wants to understand the events of his time. They can do this, of course, only under a publisher who is willing to give weight to the views of his professional people on the subjects in which they are supposed to be expert.

Even the best of editorial pages, to be sure, will not hold the interest of all the readers of a newspaper. The *Continuing Study of Newspaper Reading* shows, as might be expected, that business, professional and salaried people are much more common readers of editorials than those in the various categories of skilled and unskilled manual or clerical labor. Moreover, the latter group is numerically more than twice the size of the former among newspaper purchasers. It is altogether doubtful that the language and style of editorials can be made generally appealing to both groups.

There is a certain vogue these days for so-called "readability" tests which purport to show the relative ease with which the "average" reader can digest printed matter couched in different styles and degrees of simplicity. These tests undoubtedly can prove that Edgar Guest is more readable than John Milton; it does not incontrovertibly follow, however, that therefore he is superior. Neither does it follow that such editorial pages as those in the Hearst, Patterson-McCormick and Scripps-Howard papers which affect a studied "readability" through monosyllabic folksiness are actually more influential — or even more widely read — than those which demand a somewhat greater effort from the reader.

Neither the most literate of readers nor the Man in the Street — who may not be nearly so illiterate as he is commonly presumed to be — likes to be written down to. If he is disposed to turn to the editorial page at all, he will turn to it in the expectation of finding ideas and a form of expression somewhat more challenging to his intellect than those contained in the comics. Moreover, editorials, if they are to command the respect of readers influential in the opinion-making process of the community, must deal often with issues not susceptible of easy analysis. Those who look for penetrating and informed discussion of complex problems are all too likely to be resentful of oversimplification.

This is not to say that the language of editorials should not be just as simple as the nature of their subjects, and an

illuminating consideration of these subjects, will permit. Pedantry and prolixity are occupational diseases with which editorial writers are frequently afflicted. They stem, generally, from inadequate understanding of the topic to be treated — or from a reluctance to grapple with it conclusively.

In the last analysis, an editorial page must be judged by what it fights for and what it fights against. There are still some great fighting editorial pages in America. One can cite, simply for the sake of illustration and without by any means exhausting the list, such papers as the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* which has been working tirelessly for the development of its region through the creation of a Missouri Valley Authority; the Nashville *Tennessean* which

has crusaded to free its South from the incubus of the poll tax; and the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* which has spoken out against Jim Crow in Virginia.

Editorials are at their best when they jog the conscience of a community. They must represent the unrepresented and speak for the speechless. They need to guide, rather than to reflect, the tastes of their readers. Often, to be useful, they must deal with matters which their readers might prefer to ignore. If this limits the range of their appeal, it also strengthens the potency of their impact. An editorial page which attempts to be all things to all men is likely to end by losing not only its best readers but its character and influence as well.



SING TO ME

BY PFC. LEE RICHARD HAYMAN

SING to me, mother, a lullaby I'll remember.
Throw me a ball, father, and we'll play
In the summer-bright yard.
Or walk with me, brother, through autumn's
Many colored leaves in their scuffled piles.
Come, beloved, and breathe spring's evening:
Beauty is infinite and this hour is always.

Oh why, dear God, am I alone?

WHAT AILS OUR HIGH SCHOOLS?

BY BENJAMIN M. STEIGMAN

ONE of our favorite claims to superior national culture is our assertion that high school is now our common school, that the average man's education has been prolonged four years beyond the grammar school of our grandparents. The hard facts challenge that assertion: over 80 per cent of our boys and girls do reach the high school level, but half of these drop out before the senior year; and the heaviest mortality occurs among the freshmen.

Nor does the kind of education achieved by the minority which completes a high school education give cause for especial pride. Surveys are continually demonstrating how superficially most young people read, how badly they write, and how little they actually know of, for example, science or civics or American history. Shocked educators then clamor for better (and incidentally better paid) teachers, for bigger appropriations for the schools, for emphasis on essential subjects. These surveys and outcries have brought flurries of reform, but have left the general high school course largely unaltered.

For that course is still charted, from the first academic year to the last, by the inviolable demands of our colleges. The high school's original aim of preparing its students for higher institutions has long since been repudiated in theory. Our high schools, we say, are terminal schools. They offer a whole array of vocational subjects, ranging from typewriting to soil analysis. But in practice the colleges, by their rigid admission requirements, determine what major subjects are to be taught in the lower schools. We won't put up with any double standard in education; and if the Jones' boy is given algebra and Latin or French on entering high school, why so of course must ours. If he flunks and wants to quit we blame him rather than the school. We might transfer him to a good vocational school if one is available, but our neighbors might then think less highly of him and his parents.

Of the seven million boys and girls now in high school only 20 per cent have the ability, the desire, and the means to enter college. But whether from custom and inertia, or vested

BENJAMIN M. STEIGMAN describes himself as "principal of one of our 30,000 high schools which should be freed from their present servitude to the colleges." Mr. Steigman directs the High School of Music and Art in New York City.

pedagogic interests, or lay deference, or social prestige — whatever the reason, the majority of students, whose education must end in high school, engage in the same “preparatory” studies. And since these subjects are so often barren of value to those who do not go to college (and for that matter to those who do) our high schools are united by a common servitude, and accordingly by a common need for liberation.

II

The colleges make a show of being liberal in their demands. Their catalogues may generously say: “A candidate whose record shows special ability, but who lacks the required credits, may present his case for consideration by the Committee on Admissions.” With scholastic competition what it is, students destined for college are not likely to take the chance. They prudently comply with the requirements, and so do their classmates.

Among these entrance requirements the most prominent are: three units of one foreign language, a recommended (in some cases required) two units of a second foreign language, and two and one-half or three units of mathematics. These are the prerequisites generally listed in the catalogues of our most respected colleges. As a rule a total of fifteen units are required for admission — a unit being a year of a daily class lesson in a subject. Of these, more than one third, and sometimes one half, are con-

centrated in foreign languages and mathematics. For the vast majority, these are the least rewarding subjects in high school.

The advocates of required study of foreign languages in high school make a magnificent plea: universal peace can only be achieved through mutual understanding; America now has a leading role in the destiny of all nations; we must prepare to become citizens of the world. Their conclusion seems overwhelming: to neglect the study of foreign languages is to shirk the opportunity for exchanging ideas and fostering good will throughout the globe.

By now we ought not to be taken in by such high-flown talk. Once they have accumulated the proper number of units in a foreign language, our students are never likely to make use of it. They never really learn to speak the language, nor write it, and their ability to read childishly simple pages is soon lost. Surely he is a rare exception among them who continues linguistic studies to a point where they will afford him either benefit or pleasure. As likely as not, such a one expects to become a teacher of foreign language, and then he in turn will deluge his students with the same arguments about the universal importance of his subject.

Indeed we must have trained linguists now more than ever. We must have competent speakers and writers of all the modern foreign languages. We must have interpreters, translators, broadcasters, military and diplo-

matic attachés, commercial representatives and foreign correspondents. And this tiny proportion of our population must know that their study is an urgent part of their professional equipment, not the by-product of a vague "cultural" exposure.

Foreign language, therefore, does have a place in high school — as an elective, not as a required study. A small number of students, selected for real aptitude and inclination (and not encumbered by the drag of listless and unwilling cohorts), might thereby acquire a serviceable asset even in three or four years.

But the rest of them, surely the overwhelming majority, have no business in foreign language classes. During their years of toil over purposeless idioms and conjugations and stumbling translations they might — in English — learn a lot about many a nation's history, government, literature and customs; and this would further the cause of mutual understanding and international good will more effectively.

The war also gave rise to frenzied argument in behalf of the usual high school mathematics. But it is one thing to be a master technician who evolves the formulas whereby guns and bombs are made and put to use, and another to number among the thousands who simply accept the formulas and apply them. Most high school students will never have occasion to use their temporary knowledge of factoring or the manipulation of exponents and radicals; nor of how to

demonstrate what tangents and secants do to the arc of a circle.

What they need to know is how to make quick and correct use of common formulas, how to manage graphs and ordinary statistics, how to solve everyday problems in investment, insurance, taxation and other common business and civic transactions. That they can learn in a fraction of the time it takes to complete the two and a half or three years of daily lessons in academic high school mathematics. They don't need to learn how to solve parlor puzzles about when trains going in opposite directions will meet, and how much A earned if paid three times as much per day as B while working only half as many days.

Here again a few students with the requisite ability and interest could profit from algebra and geometry as elective majors. Unhampered by their plodding classmates, they might advance enough to make it of cultural or professional value to them. What geometry teaches the rest of them about reasoning can be applied only, as far as they can see, to hypothetical lines and figures, not to things that really matter to them — the pretense and threats and pleas that confront them in the press or on the air or on the screen. They will be called upon to face the gravest problems in all human history, and they are asked to find guidance in the kind of logic their high school geometry offers them with its right little, tight little demonstrations with ruler and chalk and final satisfied QED!

Nor does their study of mathematics, any more than their foreign language, seem to prepare the way to higher study. The colleges (except the few which require special entrance examinations) don't care that these subjects were completed in the third or even the second year of high school, and may in large part have been forgotten before graduation. What is required, evidently, is that applicants for admission have had the mental "training" or "discipline" of these subjects. It is as if the colleges still believe — what has been disproved for decades — that such "training" and "discipline" in one subject is transferable to others. Or that you can "sharpen" the mind by applying it against a hard, grindstone kind of study. The fallacy of those brain-sharpeners has been pointed out often enough: mathematics and Latin should not be credited with producing capable minds, just because capable minds happened to have engaged in mathematics and Latin.

III

This unfortunate preoccupation with "preparatory" subjects results in the partial or entire neglect by the high schools of vastly more important areas of thought. The colleges require only three units of "English," which is really an aggregate of subjects, including the study of how to read, how to write and how to speak. Since the practice of these skills requires appropriate subject matter, it is also

the study of *what* to read and write and speak. By implication, the subject of English offers in miniature something of an elementary liberal education.

This makes English of paramount value to those whose education ends in high school. It possesses no less value for those who enter college. At present, a liberal education just begins on arrival at the campus. However, if college candidates were already equipped with the basis of a liberal education, their progress could be accelerated and extended enormously. Now four drawn-out years must pass before a collegian can begin advanced specialization, but if the high schools did their job, two years might be sufficient. The University of Chicago and Johns Hopkins are attempting such a course, but it can't be done generally as long as the high schools devote only four or five lessons a week to all that "English" offers.

As the situation now stands, several English lessons a week must be given over to the common techniques of written and spoken English, or outraged employers and college professors would clamor even more violently about the high schools. That leaves only two or three lessons a week for the immense subject of literature — for the best that mankind has thought and felt. Only two or three weekly periods can be given to the world's best books; and yet at the same time many thousands of our boys and girls are obliged to spend as much as ten periods a week on two foreign lan-

guages in which they labor over the most elementary sentences.

At present, high school English classes have time to grapple with scarcely half a dozen good books a year; this smattering is expected to give young people a taste for worthwhile reading. Such brief experiences in school must contend against a lifetime of onslaughts from the popular broadcasts and printing presses. We may judge the outcome by the way the rank and file of young people devour the confession magazines, the comic strips, and the soap operas.

Perhaps even less adequate is the time devoted to science and to the social studies. Here the colleges are in bewildering disagreement: some require a unit or two of science but none in the social studies, some ask for a unit of social studies but no science, and some don't seem to care if their applicants know nothing of either subject. No college in America thinks a four year course in each of these subjects valuable enough to be a required part of high school education.

And so our students are fortunate if their high school introduces them to elementary science in their first year. During the three remaining years they may manage to add, as an elective, a year of biology, chemistry or physics. They may choose, in others words, to know something about the living world of which they are part, and how they and their fellow organisms come to life and breathe and feed and mate and fight and die.

Or they may choose to learn about the molecules and atoms of which they and all matter are composed and changed. Or they may choose to study the physical world they live in, the world of light and sound and heat, the world of harnessed energy, and how mankind has used it and abused it. Or they may choose to remain ignorant of all of these fields of knowledge.

By now American history has become a required subject in all our high schools, and many of them prescribe modern European history as well. Other history (if offered at all) is, again, elective. Our graduates, as a rule, are not required to know what happened in Europe and Asia and Africa before the French Revolution; they need know nothing about the history of Russia or China, or of the uncertain states in the Balkans and the Near East, Nor must they concern themselves with the America that lies north and south of our own borders. Those twenty sister republics below the Rio Grande may remain just so many different shapes and colors on the map of South America.

The proper study, one would imagine, even of adolescent mankind, should be man. Yet economics is required study only in some of our American high schools; sociology rarely appears even as an elective; psychology, government, or the fundamentals of law, it seems, hardly ever. Stripped of their terrifying university nomenclature, these subjects

might do American men and women of tomorrow a lot more good than isosceles triangles and the five declensions of Latin nouns.

IV

No less strange is the prevailing attitude toward three subjects of major importance to civilized adults — subjects which the colleges lump together as “minors,” generally without any entrance credit at all. They are music, art, and physical training. Many high schools voluntarily insist on a few lessons in music and art “appreciation;” all of them provide for a few weekly periods of gym. But all have been led to regard these officially as of minor value.

Outside of school, music seems to rank with our major cultural assets. Applying our customary appraisal of greatness, we find ten million listeners at broadcasts of great symphony orchestras and of opera singers from the foremost opera house in the world. But if music is a language (“the universal language,” “the language of the emotions,” etc.) our students must learn it if it is really to mean something to them. If it were just another language like Spanish or German, they could merely shrug and ask for a translation into English. But music is a kind of mother tongue that they must acquire as they acquire their English, at first by ear, then from the printed page in school, with continual advance in an understanding of its literature. Except for the few

students who participate in school bands or orchestras, our high schools graduate and the colleges accept musical illiterates.

Unfortunately a notion still prevails that serious music studies should be undertaken only by the few who have prodigious talent and are somehow different from other people. The same distrust is felt regarding art, though this too is a common language, used in every home where a picture is hung. Like music, the language of art can only be learned directly, without benefit of dictionary. Officially we make a great to-do about giving our students their “cultural heritage.” In practice we give them that sop of “art appreciation” in their first year, and then let them graduate artistically illiterate. In later years most of them, we imagine, would be glad to swap their dim recollection of French irregular verbs for an understanding of a symphony or a painting.

The cause of physical training seemed furthered when the appalling number of Selective Service rejections was made public. But by now students are again drifting back to the normal routine of a few weekly periods of exercise on the crowded gym floor, at whatever hour of the day their program will permit. From there they must rush, however sweaty, to their next recitation, or even to lunch, usually without a shower. In the afternoon most of the athletic facilities are given over to the school teams, whose athletes are least in need of them. The rest of the students, the

duffers, are the disinherited ones who go to the game on Saturday and give their throats a workout.

Nearly all of the sport that can give us joy and health we get, if at all, outside of school, and inadequately at that. Sooner or later we regretfully wish we really could swim or fence or skate and ski or play a decent game of tennis or golf. Belatedly we set off to take dancing lessons. Belatedly we become conscious of our flabby bodies. The colleges eagerly snap up athletic stars, but the rest of the students whom they accept need only know how to climb into a stadium and cheer.

Physical training after school for all boys and girls would pay enormous dividends in terms of vigor and happiness. A program might also be organized for their four summer vacations, each about ten weeks long, totalling virtually a whole school year. At present that year is largely wasted in idleness. Were all, instead of just the privileged few, to spend it in summer camps, we might establish a peacetime training program that would obviate military service. At the same time, communal, cooperative living during the summer would take the jagged edges off youthful rugged individualists. Whatever the cost, it might prove a wise investment.

Harvard and many other colleges

are now beginning to repudiate the elective tradition which has made the academic gown a thing of shreds and patches. Free choice is being limited in order to organize the individual's program around fundamental and required courses. These basic, compulsory studies are grouped in the fields of social study, science, and literature and other liberal arts. If the colleges also required these subjects for admission, instead of the disciplinary subjects, they would enable the high schools to give their students a sensibly planned education. Let them abolish their fifteen illogical "units" that force our students into subjects they will scarcely ever use after the final examinations. The colleges need not fear that their standards will decline in consequence, for these may be set through entrance examinations.

A compulsory program of study in the sciences and humanities does not mean a reversion to lock-step education, for, with proper planning, individuals would still find time enough for their own elective subjects. But the greater part of the day would be spent in the common course of study that should be required in our high schools if they are truly to be our common schools. It's high time that the colleges set American high schools free.



*A*MBITION often puts Men upon doing the meanest Offices; so Climbing is performed in the same Posture with Creeping.

— JONATHAN SWIFT

BALANCE SHEET OF RUSSIAN EXPANSION

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

We don't want a single foot of foreign territory; but we will not surrender a single inch of our territory to any one. . . .

— *Joseph Stalin, in report to Sixteenth Congress of Communist Party, June 27, 1930.*

Abolition of racial exclusiveness, equality of nations and integrity of their territories, liberation of enslaved nations and restoration of their sovereign rights, the right of every nation to arrange its affairs as it wishes, economic aid to them in attaining their material welfare, restoration of democratic liberties, the destruction of the Hitlerite regime. . . .

— *Soviet war aims as summed up by Stalin on November 6, 1942.*

Their countries seek no aggrandizement, territorial or other. . . .

— *From the Atlantic Charter, signed by the Soviet government.*

THESE quotations make strange reading in view of the realities of recent Soviet territorial expansion, both direct and indirect. Precisely what are these realities? Herewith I present the record of Russian expansion.

Except for the far-flung activities of the Communist International, the Soviet Union up to the Second World

War lived within a defensive isolationist shell. But since then it has definitely changed its policy. Consider, first, the array of lands formally annexed since September 1939:

	<i>Area in Sq. Miles</i>	<i>Population</i>
Eastern Poland	68,290	10,150,000
Finnish Karelia . . .	16,173	470,000
Lithuania	24,058	3,029,000
Latvia	20,056	1,950,000
Estonia	18,353	1,120,000
Bessarabia and Bukovina	19,360	3,748,000
Moldavia	13,124	2,200,000
Petsamo	4,087	4,000
Koenigsberg area of East Prussia . . .	3,500	400,000
Carpatho-Ukraine .	4,922	800,000
South Sakhalin . . .	14,075	415,000
Kurile Islands . . .	3,949	4,500
Tannu Tuva	64,000	65,000
TOTAL	273,947	24,355,000

This means that the Soviet Union, already much the largest contiguous land mass on the globe, has been augmented by an area larger than all our New England and Middle Atlantic states, with Virginia and North Carolina thrown in. It also means that

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN, noted foreign correspondent, has written a number of books on Russia — among them *Soviet Russia*, *Russia's Iron Age*, *Collectivism — A False Utopia*, and *The Russian Enigma*.

the population of the country (about 170,000,000 by the census of 1939) has increased by almost 25,000,000 — more than half the population of Great Britain or of France.

This record of outright annexations is impressive enough. But physical absorption is by no means indispensable in our time to acquire control of a nation's territory, manpower and resources. The Nazis demonstrated this all too clearly in Norway, France, Denmark, Czechoslovakia and other countries. It is in this domain of indirect annexation — enforced by a variety of methods, from military occupation to installation of Communists in key posts, overwhelming economic and political pressures, exclusive trade agreements, etc. — that Stalin's greatest gains have been achieved.

No less than twelve nations and areas, with an aggregate population of some 165,000,000, have been forced into the orbit of predominant Soviet influence. Here is the amazing list (area figures are not given because final frontiers have not yet been drawn, and population figures are necessarily tentative):

	<i>Millions of Inhabitants</i>
Poland.....	20 to 25
Czechoslovakia.....	12 to 15
Hungary.....	9 to 10
Austria.....	3.5
Yugoslavia.....	14 to 16
Bulgaria.....	6 to 7
Rumania.....	13
Eastern Germany.....	25
Finland.....	4

Manchuria.....	40
North Korea.....	10
Outer Mongolia.....	1

Most of the regions which have been directly annexed were at one time or another a part of the Tsarist Empire, although only a negligible minority of the people who live there are racially Russians. But there are several striking exceptions to the rule of former Russian sovereignty which uncritical defendants of Soviet policies generally advance. Eastern Galicia, northern Bukovina and Carpatho-Russia — taken by Stalin respectively from Poland, Rumania and Czechoslovakia — belonged to the Austro-Hungarian Empire before 1914.

II

The first of the Soviet annexations, that of eastern Poland, began on September 17, 1939, sixteen days after Hitler's attack on that country and by prearrangement with the invaders. As Soviet troops crossed the Polish frontiers, the Kremlin addressed a note to the Polish Ambassador in Moscow apprising him that his country and its government had "ceased to exist."

This was the prelude to a partition of the country between Nazi Germany and Russia, in which the latter obtained a little over half of Poland's territory and about one-third of its population. Following the familiar type of totalitarian "plebiscite," in which opposition was made impossible, the northern part of the annexed

territory was added to the Soviet Republic of White Russia, the southern part to the Soviet Republic of the Ukraine. Vast numbers of Polish citizens — 1,500,000 according to the most common Polish estimate — were deported to distant parts of Russia as forced labor.

After the Nazis attacked the Soviet Union, Stalin specifically repudiated his partition of Poland, only to claim the territory once more when the tide of war began to turn in his favor. According to the Yalta Agreement, the frontier drawn by Molotov and Ribbentrop was modified slightly in Poland's favor in order to conform to the so-called Curzon Line, a temporary demarcation which had been established by the Supreme Allied Council in 1919.

As for the three independent Baltic republics, Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia, they were first forced by Moscow threats to sign "mutual assistance pacts," giving Russia the right to take over bases and station military forces on their territory. Those who foresaw the move as a stage in a planned annexation were indignantly denounced by Foreign Commissar Molotov. "We declare," he told the Soviet Parliament on October 31, 1939, "that all nonsense about Sovietizing the Baltic countries is only to the interest of our common enemies and of anti-Soviet provocateurs."

Nevertheless, in June 1940, Moscow sent ultimatums to the three republics demanding free passage of troops and the establishment of "friendly" or

Soviet-dictated governments. This military occupation was followed by the familiar totalitarian type of "elections." Then the Parliaments thus "elected" applied for admission of their respective countries into the Soviet Union. Mr. Sumner Welles, then Under Secretary of State, publicly denounced "the devious processes whereunder the political independence and territorial integrity of the three small Baltic republics" were "deliberately annihilated by one of their more powerful neighbors." To this day, at least at this writing, Washington still considers those countries independent and sovereign.

Finland chose to resist. When its government refused to revise the Soviet-Finnish land frontier in Russia's favor and to hand over a naval base commanding the entrance to the Gulf of Finland, Russia launched an attack on November 30, 1939. A convenient and highly improbable report of a Finnish assault on a Soviet outpost served as the excuse. The Kremlin set up and instantly recognized a puppet regime, headed by the veteran Finnish Communist, Otto Kuusinen. The mediation of the League of Nations was rejected by Moscow and the Soviet Union was expelled from that organization as an aggressor.

Finnish resistance was unexpectedly strong; but when the Soviet military command brought up first-class combat units, Finnish defense positions were pierced and peace was concluded on March 12, 1940. The USSR ob-

tained the city of Viipuri, the naval base of Hangö and a stretch of territory on the Isthmus of Karelia, from which the population fled in an informal plebiscite. Subjected to further Soviet pressure and harassment, Finland entered the war on the side of Germany in June 1941, and was defeated in the summer of 1944. It was obliged to cede to Russia the Arctic port of Petsamo and a piece of land on the peninsula of Porkkala which commands the capital, Helsinki, in addition to the territories surrendered in 1940.

It should be noted that all these Western neighbors, on Moscow's initiative, had concluded non-aggression and neutrality treaties with the Soviet Union in 1932. A supplementary convention, on July 3, 1933, likewise Soviet-sponsored, defined aggression in explicit terms, as covering not only war but attack or invasion without declaration of hostilities. In violating the treaties, Russia stood condemned as an aggressor by its own definition.

Pressure on Rumania also began while Moscow was still operating under the Stalin-Hitler Pact. Following a Soviet ultimatum, Rumania commenced to evacuate Bessarabia and northern Bukovina on June 28, 1940 and Red troops moved in. Moscow had a better technical case in its seizure of Bessarabia than in other annexations. Whereas all its other western frontiers had been repeatedly recognized by the Soviet Union as legitimate, permanent and inviolable, Rumanian possession of Bessarabia

had never been acknowledged as legal by the Soviet regime. Part of this province had been Russian territory since 1812, part since the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78. Northern Bukovina, on the other hand, had never belonged to Russia.

Soon after the end of hostilities with Germany the Soviet Union also took over Carpatho-Ukraine, a hilly, socially primitive extension of Czechoslovakia. The Czechoslovak government, by that time firmly within the Soviet sphere, offered no opposition. The district was assigned to the Ukrainian Soviet Republic.

The Kuriles, a chain of volcanic islands guarding the Sea of Okhotsk north of Japan, were annexed as booty when Japan fell. Subsequently it appeared that this action had been agreed to in advance by Roosevelt and Churchill. Russia had given up its claim to the Kuriles in 1875, in return for Japanese agreement to Russian possession of Sakhalin. After the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5, Japan took over the southern half of Sakhalin and this, too, the Soviet Union now reacquired.

The annexation of Tannu Tuva was merely an administrative adjustment. A primitive little community wedged between Siberia and Outer Mongolia, it had long been a Soviet protectorate. So quietly that the exact date is hard to fix Tannu Tuva was absorbed into the USSR as an "autonomous area." The annexation of the Koenigsberg region of East Prussia was purely strategic in

character, rounding out the new Soviet possessions in the Baltic.

None of these expansions, it should be emphasized, was accompanied by a free plebiscite to determine the preferences of the populations involved. Some were made at the expense of Axis countries, others at the expense of Russia's allies. In either case they were violations of the Atlantic Charter provision against "territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the people concerned."

III

Japan never formally annexed Manchuria. It controlled that vast and rich province absolutely through a puppet government. Nazi Germany, similarly, did not resort to formal annexation in order to harness the manpower and resources of Belgium, the Netherlands, France and Norway. Though the possible variations are numerous, both of these are examples of *indirect* imperialist expansion.

The Soviet government, by its nature and historical experience, is especially well qualified to dominate foreign countries through what has become known as the "quisling" method. In any country that the Soviet Union takes over by the puppet technique, there are sure to be fanatical Communists whose first allegiance is to Moscow rather than to their own fatherlands. Only recently a Brazilian Communist leader and elected Senator, Luis Carlos Prestes,

told the press: "If Brazil should fight Russia, I would form guerillas and together with my followers I would fight for Russia." Equally revealing was the remark of Canada's Prime Minister, Mr. King, in connection with the arrest of Canadian citizens spying for Russia:

Some of the witnesses made the statement under oath that they had a loyalty that took priority over the loyalty owed by them to their own country.

Hitler had a hard time of it in some places, notably in Poland, finding reliable "quislings" and puppets. Given the fanatic mentality indicated by Prestes in Brazil and by the Canadian Communists, Stalin need never face such hardships. Besides, the training of future puppets for all countries has been carried on systematically by Russia in special schools for foreign adherents.

Methods of Soviet indirect annexation vary from country to country. In Europe one may discern three main patterns: (1) military occupation plus a Communist-dominated government; (2) Soviet military control without a Communist-dominated government; and (3) coalition governments in which Communists hold strategic posts without military occupation. Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia conform to the first pattern; Hungary and the Soviet-occupied parts of Austria and Germany to the second; Czechoslovakia, Albania and Finland to the third.

The most powerful figures in the present Polish government, men like

Bierut, Radkiewicz, Gomolka, Berman, are all Moscow-trained Communists. Substantial Red forces are in occupation and take part in the repression of nationalist guerilla activity. A political crisis has arisen because of a dispute as to whether a single-list system of voting or free campaigning by separate parties shall prevail in the forthcoming elections, tentatively set for June. The Communists, of course, want a cut-and-dried coalition list, to be presented to the voters on a yes-or-no basis. In this way the lack of popular support for the Communists would be neatly covered up, as happened in Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. Mikolajczyk, former Prime Minister of the Polish Government-in-exile and now Vice-Premier in the Communist-controlled coalition, has demurred, demanding that his Peasant Party contest the election separately. If the single-slate procedure is used, the results will be as meaningless as in other countries where the Communists have enforced this method.

In Bulgaria, the former head of the Communist International, Georgi Dimitrov, and Communist stalwarts like Anton Yugov and Tsola Dragoi-cheva are the real masters, though a number of former Fascist leaders now "converted" to Stalinism hold the top offices. The single-list elections gave the familiar totalitarian result, a 95 per cent vote for the official and only slate.

The Communist bosses in Rumania are Lucretiu Patrascanu and Anna Pauker. As a concession to Anglo-

American pressure, two opposition people have been added to the Cabinet where they are a helpless minority and not even convincing camouflage. No elections have as yet been held. To assure a safe majority for Communists and their satellites, the old established parties are being split and pressure is being put on all state employés to "vote right."

Russian occupation forces are a heavy burden on Rumania and Bulgaria. There are also some Russian troops in Yugoslavia, though the Tito dictatorship is now probably firmly enough entrenched to stand on its own large military and police forces. One by one the democratic political figures who tried to work with Tito have passed out of the picture, so that the regime is becoming more and more an all-out Communist dictatorship.

In all four of these countries — Poland, Yugoslavia, Rumania and Bulgaria — there has been no attempt to impose the Soviet economic system outright. But large-scale confiscation and socialization are under way in various ways and at various rates of speed. Complete Sovietization and ultimate absorption within the framework of the Soviet Union are not improbable in the next decade or two. Meanwhile the Kremlin's control remains indirect but inflexible.

Free elections were held in Hungary and Austria and resulted in severe defeats for the Communists. However, Soviet military and economic control has not been affected by these elections and is still ruthlessly exer-

cised. In eastern Germany, where extreme brutalities were practised during the first period of the Soviet occupation, the present trend is toward a more positive Soviet policy. Russia is forcing an amalgamation of the Communists and the Social Democrats and using this combined party as its instrument of control.

Soviet troops have been withdrawn from Czechoslovakia, but local Communists hold the strategic Ministries of Education and Interior and the distribution of newsprint is planned so as to favor the Communist press. Soviet influence is exalted, the UNRRA contribution to rehabilitation is slighted, and an exclusive alliance with the Soviet Union has been concluded.

There has been as yet no direct annexation in the Far East. But the very terms of the Soviet-Chinese treaty of August 14, 1945, giving the Soviet Union joint control of the Manchurian railways, the right to maintain naval bases in Port Arthur and preferential rights in Dairen, give Russia a commanding influence. Besides, the Soviet Union has gone far beyond the treaty terms. It disregarded several dates for the evacuation of its troops. Meanwhile it carried out a prodigious looting of Manchurian industrial equipment and machinery. If and when all Soviet troops are finally withdrawn, China will get an empty shell. Moreover, local Communists have been strongly encouraged and militarily equipped by the Russian occupation authorities both

in Manchuria and northern Korea.

A long standing anomaly was eliminated when Outer Mongolia voted for affiliation with the Soviet Union, not with China, in what must have been the model totalitarian plebiscite of all history. Between six and seven hundred thousand Mongols cast their ballots for the Soviet Union — not even one voted for China. How far Soviet influence prevails in the considerable area of north China which is under the more or less firm control of the Chinese Communist armies is uncertain.

IV

The facts of Soviet expansion are obvious and indisputable. Soviet apologists tend to excuse the whole phenomenon with the one word: *security*.

Every conqueror tends more or less sincerely to rationalize his conquests in terms of assuring the safety of his country. In Stalin's case there is probably an equivalent rationalization. But Soviet foreign policy is influenced and abetted, as already noted, by an element that did not enter into the calculations of other expansionist powers. This is the worldwide appeal and organization of Communism. It gives Stalin both a revolutionary justification for aggression and ready-to-hand Fifth Columns in every country.

In many cases Stalin is picking up the unfinished business of Tsarist diplomacy. He has retaken most of the territory lost by Russia in World

War I, along with vast new territories. Tsarist Russia, like its Soviet successor, cherished ambitious schemes affecting the Chinese borderlands and Iran, Turkey and the Straits, as well as imperialist designs in the Balkans under Pan-Slavic slogans.

The difference is that the Tsars could not count on fanatic support in foreign countries. There was never a party in France, for instance, exercising a major influence on French policies and taking its orders from Russia, as is the case today. There were never large numbers of Americans, Canadians, Britons, Chinese whose primary allegiance was to Russia, as is the case today. The Tsarist regime could not have inspired yelling throngs in New York City to go all out in support of its foreign policy, as Stalin's regime was able to do recently during Churchill's visit.

It is this universal element in communist doctrine, with a world federation of Soviet Republics as the shining if distant goal, which makes it impossible to assign any "natural" or reasonable limits to Soviet expansionist urges. Recently, in his pre-election speech, Stalin reaffirmed the traditional Communist dogma that the

"Socialist Fatherland" in Russia is unsafe as long as there is a "capitalist encirclement." If we accept this literally, then security for the Soviet Union can come only with the complete Sovietization of the world.

No doubt the rank-and-file zealots of Communism everywhere do mean this literally. On the other hand, unless Stalin is suffering from paranoia or has lost control of his own military machine — and there is no convincing evidence for either assumption — it seems incredible that the Soviet Union should risk a military showdown with the western powers at this stage.

Russia's human and material losses in the war have been too great. Stalin is too well aware that Soviet technique in aviation and industrial production is inferior to America's. So far as we know, he does not possess the atom bomb. Russian naval power is negligible. Besides, the Soviet Union needs time to digest the immense areas it has already swallowed. We must assume therefore that the current Soviet dynamism will stop short of a line where, in Stalin's judgment, America and Great Britain will fight rather than yield.



*T*HE scent of flowers does not travel against the wind, nor that of sandalwood, or of Tagara and Mallika flowers; but the odor of good people travels even against the wind; a good man pervades every place.

— THE DHAMMAPADA

WHAT EVER BECAME OF TEXAS?

BY STANLEY WALKER

IN A heart-stirring ceremony on February 19, 1846, at the unpretentious capitol building on Eighth Street, just west of Congress Avenue, in Austin, President Anson Jones made a speech formally declaring that Texas had become a state of the American Union. As the Lone Star flag came down Mr. Jones said, "The Republic of Texas is no more." A few tears coursed down the cheeks of the pioneers. They were not easy weepers. They loved their Republic, which on that day lacked only two weeks of being ten years old.

Some of the old-time Texans and their immediate descendants always seem to have had a faint regret that the old Republic died. In those days it occupied the precarious position of a buffer state between the United States and Mexico; its credit was worse than that of any sharecropper; the ties of blood, as well as the dictates of common sense, made annexation overwhelmingly popular. And yet, and yet — well, it would have been wonderful, wouldn't it, if the Lone Star flag had survived?

This nostalgia for what might have been may help explain why the observance of the hundredth anniversary of Texas' entrance into the Union is being carried out more or less pianissimo. By its very nature, the occasion calls forth none of that emotional extravagance which made the hundredth anniversary of Texas independence — observed with many high-jinks in 1936 — such a rip-roaring occasion for glorious self-congratulation. For 1836 was the year of Goliad, of the Alamo, and of San Jacinto. This is not to say that Texas really regrets having joined the Union; it is merely to say that the observance of the event is nothing to get excited about.

And yet the event, in its way, has a profound significance. It marks a milestone in the development of a land which is at once very old and boisterously youthful. To the industrialist, the banker, and the planner, it is a time for studying the future. To the thinker, it is an occasion to reflect upon the evolution of the Texas character.

How changed things are! On the

STANLEY WALKER is himself a son of Texas, and his first newspaper jobs were in Austin and Dallas. Subsequently city editor of the New York Herald Tribune and editor of the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger, Mr. Walker has written several books, including *The Night Club Era* and *Mrs. Astor's Horse*.

site of the old capitol is Austin's fine new Municipal Building, where the Mayor, Tom Miller, a well-to-do dealer in hides, keeps a knowing eye on the affairs of his flourishing municipality. He can look across Eighth Street and see the old shot tower, where bullets were made long ago; this tower, for years in disuse, has been taken over by Dewey Bradford, an ingenious young paint dealer and patron of the arts, and converted into one of the handsomest dwellings in the Southwest. Austin's two principal hotels, the old Driskill and the newer Stephen F. Austin, resound daily to the festivities of the Lions, Rotary, Kiwanis, and Exchange Clubs, the Chambers of Commerce, junior and senior, and the multifarious groups of thoroughly modern women who seek in one way or another to do good in the world.

II

It was not like that 100 years ago. The men who were in Austin on the day the Lone Star flag was hauled down were of many stripes — scholars and statesmen, cattlemen and small farmers, blacksmiths and teamsters, school-teachers and backwoods lawyers, cut-throats and God-fearing citizens. But they had one thing in common: most of them were poor. Their clothes were not good. They had tightened their belts through many a dreary season.

One hundred years ago the heroes of Texas were such men as Stephen Fuller Austin, the frail but noble

father of Texas, who had been dead ten years; Sam Houston, the mighty warrior and statesman who had advised his fellows during the annexation negotiations to be "as sharp-sighted as lynxes and as wary as foxes;" Bigfoot Wallace, recently arrived but already making his prowess felt with the fine gun which he called Sweet Lips; Josiah Wilbarger, the man who was scalped by the Indians and who lived to tell the story, though he did look strange wearing a cap all the time to cover his denuded pate; "Three-Legged Willie" Williamson, a doughty man in a fight, for whom Williamson County was named; Rip Ford, the great Ranger — and so many, many others. The country was full of "characters." There was Brit Bailey, who left instructions that his grave be dug very deep so he could be buried "standing up facing west;" there was Jonas Harrison, the seeming hulk of poor white trash who one day pulled himself from his lethargy, entered a courtroom and conducted a brilliant and successful defense of a man charged with murder, only to return to his life of sloth and near-anonymity. The land was full of such men.

Very well, the world may well ask, but who are the heroes of Texas today? The sober truth seems to be that they are mostly the same men who were heroes a hundred years ago. There are a few exceptions, men who flourished in Civil War times and in the days of the great cattle kingdoms, but for the most part Texas has to go a long way back for its hero-worship.

The important Texans of today stimulate no enthusiasm, no reverence. Jesse Jones? A clever money-maker from Houston. Will Clayton? A smart man, and a very able student of the cotton industry. Nathan Adams? Probably the most influential banker in the Southwest, but bankers are not heroes. Karl Hoblitzelle? A rich man and an esthete, and unheroic on both counts. The cautious Governor, Coke Stevenson? A fine man, apparently, but no one knows much about what he believes, and he always seems fearful of going out on a limb.

Tom Connally, the senior United States Senator and chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee? Old Tom is all right, but all politician, even to the long hair, the sonorous fustian of his speech, and the black ribbon for his eyeglasses. W. Lee (Pappy) O'Daniel, the junior Senator? Surely here is nothing to be proud of — and he came from Kansas besides. Representative Wright Patman of the First Texas District? He makes a good speech, but he has curious obsessions, such as hating chain stores, and certainly there is little about him to worry tomorrow's historians. Amon Carter, the Fort Worth publisher? A great booster, but a man who has always seemed too much interested in exhibiting the various facets of his personality, which has what the sports writers call color.

There are, of course, plenty of war heroes of various degrees. Texas is proud of the great number of generals it sent into the fight against Ger-

many and Japan. It is proud of Admiral Chester Nimitz, who was born in Fredericksburg out in the hill country. It has made much of such heroes as the much-decorated Lieutenant Audie Murphy, from north Texas. And there is that remarkable fighting man, the hero of both Texas and Mexico, Sergeant Joe Lopez, whose home is in Brownsville, down on the border. All these men — and many others — are authentic heroes. But their well-earned glory does not minimize the plain fact that in its civilian life the Texas of today is peculiarly short on heroic figures.

Does this mean that the celebrated Texas character has changed — has perhaps degenerated? The question may be worth study. Certainly there have been changes, but only the most pessimistic observer of Texas folkways could conclude that the pioneer juices have entirely dried up. One of the most astute students of the question, Dr. Walter Prescott Webb of the University of Texas, says that Texans are a sort of border breed, very much like the brave, rough, cantankerous, sentimental, individualistic clansmen who used to raise hell in the highlands of Scotland — whence, indeed, came a large proportion of the progenitors of the present-day citizens of Texas.

And the Texas character has another perennial facet — also a border characteristic — and that is what generally passes for an amiable braggadoccio, a touch of arrogance, a liking for eloquent hyperbole, a gift for the

tall tale and the improbable fable, and, possibly, a chauvinism that sometimes gets on the nerves of people in the East and North.

III

Yet all is not the same, and this matter of boasting illustrates some of the changes that have surely occurred. The old-time Texan would talk outlandishly, but he would do it with his tongue in his cheek, and a half-wink in one eye, and he didn't care whether he was believed or not; he was simply going through the motions of behaving as the world expected a Texan to behave. The newer breed of Texan will buttonhole the stranger and tell him with a perfectly straight face that Texas Herefords are more valuable than the Herefords from any other state, that the women of Dallas are incomparably the prettiest in the world, that Texas' mineral resources — particularly such things as oil and sulphur — are simply staggering, and so on through a fascinating catalogue.

He will boast that the people of Deaf Smith County have the finest teeth in the world, that the country around Tyler is the world's rose center, that an appalling amount of spinach is grown near Crystal City — this sort of talk can go on forever, and a lot of it is perfectly true. But it does grow wearisome. There is no way to stop the boasting Texan dead in his tracks, but there are certain devices by which the stranger may retard him. Here is one useful approach:

"Mr. Texan, you no doubt have a fine state, and fine people live here. Why haven't you shown more ingenuity and enterprise? For generations you have bought pants devised by Levi Strauss of San Francisco, hats invented by John B. Stetson of Philadelphia, revolvers made by the heirs of Samuel P. Colt of Connecticut. Your grain has been cut by reapers made by Cyrus McCormick of Illinois. The tin lizzie which made you gregarious was sold to you by Henry Ford of Michigan. Your saddles are adaptations of the saddles of General Phil. Sheridan, a Yankee, and various unidentified Mexicans. Come to think of it, you are just a customer — and sometimes a good deal of a sucker, at that."

No, this won't stop the booster, but it will slow him up a little. Another speech can go like this:

"Texan, do you realize that your state stands about tenth from the bottom in education? You have the greatest cotton acreage, true enough, but do you know that you have the lowest yield per acre of all the cotton-growing states? Why, if you raise such fine cattle, are your steaks and roasts so terrible? You boast of your cities; as of the last census, no Texas city was among the first twenty in the United States in population. Your scenery suffers in comparison with that of New Mexico, Colorado and Maine. Your apples are no good. Your climate is good only in spots and at certain seasons, and even then it is completely unpredictable. In short — what the hell are you talking about?"

This barrage will help some, but the set-back to the roaring Texan will be only temporary. He simply prefers not to talk about the slums of his cities, the misery of the sharecroppers, the depletion and erosion of once fine farm lands, and a long list of other matters which might prove embarrassing. Indeed, some observers, viewing the acute alarm with which Texans receive criticism, are convinced that the state suffers from a vast, festering, wind-blown inferiority complex. There may be something to this theory.

The prevailing Texas attitude toward one old joke illustrates the change that has come over the people there. In this story the stranger, traveling along a dusty section of west Texas, saw a strange bird and asked a native what it was.

Native: "That's a bird of paradise."

Stranger: "Hell of a long way from home, isn't it?"

In other days that was accounted a very creamy jest; now it brings only a sour smile, if anything. The boasts once were of awful droughts, great floods, big winds, horrendous varmints; now they are of \$35,000 bulls, skyscrapers, Neiman-Marcus' high-toned store in Dallas, Buchanan Dam across the Colorado River, and such admirable stage and screen personages as Miss Mary Martin. Quite possibly this is just another way of saying that the State is gradually becoming civilized, or at any rate that Texans are coming more and more to resemble the rest of the United States in their dreams and aspirations.

There still exists what might be called the "Texas type," which possesses physical characteristics as distinct as those of the Santa Gertrudis cow (developed by careful cross-breeding on the million-acre King Ranch), the Chihuahua hairless dog, and the palomino horse. This Texan is slightly above medium height, lean, and with a slight droop to the shoulders. The eyes are usually blue or gray, and, while keen enough, they are not as wide open as the eyes of people from lands where the sun is less glaring. They move deliberately, and do not walk much. Their hair is a shade of brown, though in some instances it may be black. In temperament this person is even-tempered, pleasant, slightly taciturn, but dangerous when aroused, stubborn in all opinions, and addicted to sly and often pointless practical jokes.

This breed seems to run truest to form in a great, curving belt of territory from north to south Texas and extending from the central part of the state perhaps three hundred miles westward. The ancestors of this creature, it will be found, were generally Scotch, English, or Irish, or, even more probably, all three. Their grandparents and great-grandparents, in an astonishing number of instances, were gifted squirrel shooters in North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Arkansas.

These Texans are as plain as so many old boots, but at the same time they betray a curious pride which is almost aristocratic. They are good men in a

fight; they respect the higher and nobler things of life; they make pretty sound citizens. They reserve their highest admiration for beautiful horses, fat white-faced cattle, and beautiful, high-spirited women. Of course, people who call themselves Texans come in many guises; the fellow just described is the McCoy, the true breed. Because of its many excellent qualities the breed is no doubt worth preserving, even if a reservation eventually has to be set aside for that purpose.

IV

At the same time, while this old breed persists, the Texas character has undergone subtle changes, and the folkways are surely different. A Dallas editor explains it this way:

"For one thing, take my grandfather, a fine old pioneer. He had a habit of hiding his money in his old clothes. One cold day, at hog-killing time, he loaned a frayed old overcoat, that he hadn't used for years, to a hired girl. She fumbled in the pockets and pulled out a ten-dollar bill, which she gave to my grandfather. He said:

"Keep it, girl. It's yours, and welcome to it. I should have had better sense than to lose my money in the pocket of an old coat.' Now, I have often asked myself the question, 'What would you do today if a similar situation arose?' I pride myself on being generous enough, but I am pretty sure I would keep the bill, and would square things with the girl, maybe, with a box of candy. That's the dif-

ference between the old and the new. Yes, we have lost something."

In the time of the pioneer settlements houses were rarely if ever locked. Now, even in the outlying sections where honesty and hospitality are the rule, most houses have secure locks. There was a time — surely this was true 100 years ago — when a traveler could ride from one end of Texas to another without funds, secure in the knowledge that he would be welcome everywhere and would be supplied food and lodging along the way. Let him try it today! He would starve before he had crossed three of the 254 Texas counties.

Women, in the old days, were held in high regard, partly because they were scarce and partly because they were wonderful. Today their pedestals have been sawed off considerably. They still have a virtual immunity in shooting men who have allegedly done them wrong, but the hunting is not so good as it was. Only the other day a Texas woman was sentenced to fifty years in prison for collaborating with her paramour in the killing of her husband.

Fifty years ago divorce was exceedingly rare; today in three of the most populous counties, Harris, Dallas, and Bexar, which contain respectively the cities of Houston, Dallas, and San Antonio, the number of marriages over the last three or four years has been just about equal to the number of divorces. In one case a divorce was granted because, the woman said, her husband demanded chili con carne for

breakfast, which, as everybody ought to know, is a barbarous practice and constitutes cruelty *per se*.

For all its pervasive traits, the Texas character has many illogicalities which are hard to explain. They seem contradictory on their face. For example, by tradition the Texan liked to settle things man to man, and he still prides himself on being able to do this. Yet the court records show that he is incurably litigious; he "goes to the law" over the most picayune matters, clogging the court calendars and giving a living to second-rate lawyers who otherwise might be forced to do something useful.

He prides himself on his hard-headedness, his awareness of world affairs, his patriotism, and his ability to size up people, especially people who happen to be running for office; and yet (by a very narrow margin, it is true) he sent the isolationist demagogue Pappy O'Daniel to the United States Senate. He takes his own and his state's religious devoutness as a matter of course; actually only 40 per cent of the population belongs to any church.

Texans profess a vast admiration for the ancient heroes, the salty pioneers, the men who could "get things done," and yet in actual practice they seem to set great store by mediocrity. The uncommon man is in as bad a pickle in Texas as elsewhere. Strong men are under suspicion, and must gain their ends by indirection. Texans have even shorn their governor of much of his power. This was largely because of the spectacular excesses of the administra-

tions of James E. Ferguson and his wife, Mrs. Miriam A. (Ma) Ferguson, particularly in the matter of issuing pardons, but the fact remains that the governor today finds himself badly hamstrung when he wants to get action. He can't even pardon an innocent man unless a board requests it.

V

On many fronts the state of Texas has certainly not advanced along the lines envisioned by the founding fathers of the republic of Texas. These old gentlemen would feel at home in some respects: that is, most Texans will still fight over the honor of a woman, they will volunteer for wars in great numbers, they will shell out generously for good causes, they have a sense of play, they still like their liquor (however, they can't handle it very well, and they know it — hence open barrooms are illegal in Texas), they still hate dictators, whether his name be Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna or Adolf Hitler.

But in other matters the Lone Star men of yesteryear would be bewildered. They would wonder why, in a land of such enormous production, the restaurants serve such uniformly bad food. They would be taken aback by the spectacle of women wearing shorts on the streets, but more than a few would doubtless approve. They would be astonished and shocked that the majority of the counties of Texas are "dry." The ban on horse racing, and playing cards on trains, would

most certainly give them the fantods.

What these grizzled and marvelous pioneers would say of a woman who paid \$25,000 for a fur coat in a Dallas store, the \$100,000 mansions with private swimming pools in the River Oaks section of Houston, the fancy new oil millionaires and their fancier wives, the high-priced white-faced bulls, the \$30,000 coming-out party for a debutante — Good God Almighty, the brain reels.

It is the custom today among the Texas press to ask, "Whither Texas?" Very well. Whither Texas? The citizens bought war bonds heavily, and yet the bank accounts are almost three times as large as they were four years ago. This means spending money. The leaders of the state speak of the "coming industrialization." They are soft-pedaling the old smoke-stack idea, but they do want industry — plastics, the miracles of chemurgy, and whatever atomic power holds for them. They want to save as many of the great war plants and airfields as possible. But while they are talking of all this they admit a deep fear of the power of outside financial interests. In this field, say the prophets, will be fought the great battles of tomorrow.

While these broad matters are being

fought out, Texas needs some things at once, and they call for the energies of young and vigorous persons who, quite possibly, may find Texas just as hospitable to their talents as the Texas of 100 years ago was to the talents of similar people. That is, Texas needs slum eradication in the cities, better rural housing, farm-to-market roads, new hotels and air-conditioned office buildings, better restaurants, more books, better schools. It needs to bring itself up short and examine its attitude toward the Negro. It needs doctors and nurses, dentists and veterinarians. It needs soil conservationists.

In short, it needs a lot of things. The boosters know it, but they delude themselves with their congratulations on such things as big sulphur production and prize bulls. Texas will need, among other things, at least a trace of that early Texas character. It was a good character, patient, without fear, honorable, plain, and straightforward. They may be needing some of that when the last oil well runs dry.

All this, boiled down, may be a way of saying that Texans, after all, are much like other people — but don't tell the Texans that. Leave them their beautiful delusion; it has its charm today, just as it had 100 years ago.



*H*OPE is the belief, more or less strong, that joy will come; desire is the wish it may come. There is no word to designate the remembrance of joys past. — SYDNEY SMITH

WHY DENAZIFICATION IS LAGGING

BY DONALD B. ROBINSON

THE denazification policy spelled out by the Joint Chiefs of Staff in their Directive 1067 looked hard and fast. Specifically, it meant that no Nazi should hold any position of authority. To the average man who has read about Buchenwald, this seems clear enough too — throw the rascals out. Yet at latest reports perhaps 800,000 erstwhile Nazis were still in responsible civil and industrial posts throughout the U. S. zone.

In Baden-Wuerttemberg, for instance, one Gustav Kipper, declared an ardent Nazi as lately as last August 10, was still Deputy Director of the Ministry of Economics; and Dr. Walter Widman, once chairman of a bloody racial persecution court, was still the *Landesgericht Direktor*. In Nuremberg, even during the war trials, more than 1000 Nazi Party members were working in the municipal government and more than thirty-five Hitlerites with records so black they warranted mandatory removal were holding supervisory offices.

A fairly typical un-denazified Nazi is Herr Krum, owner of a ladies' handbag factory at Offenbach, eight miles from the former headquarters of the United States Forces in the European Theater (USFET). This bald, exquisitely-tailored double for Eric von Stroheim used to supply Schiaparelli in Paris and big New York stores and, back in the thirties, he lived in America for four years. He did not join the Party until 1939, but once enrolled, he quickly became influential in it. In fact, he even persuaded the bosses to let him go on making luxury handbags during the war. As only a small part of his factory was bombed out, he was still making them when American troops got there over a year ago. No man to sit at home and bewail invasion, Herr Krum took an interesting proposition to the municipal Military Government detachment: "We still have a big supply of raw leather. So why not let us manufacture handbags for American soldiers to send home to their families?"

DONALD B. ROBINSON returned recently from Germany, where he served as Chief Historian for U. S. Military Government. In that post he saw every important document and participated in all high staff conferences relating to military government. Before the war Mr. Robinson was labor editor for the New York Journal-American. This article is based on official records which have not yet been released to the public.

The Military Government was so charmed that it speedily arranged for priorities on machinery, raw materials and labor. Handbags, valises, wallets and cigarette cases poured out of the factory by thousands. Officers and enlisted men queued up by tens of thousands to buy them. Major generals and lieutenant generals drove over after especially choice numbers. They did not know or care whether a Nazi ran the factory. The Military Government became so enchanted that it even gave him gas for his car.

Because of Herr Krum's past, we went to see him — two officers from General Eisenhower's staff and the young captain who was industry officer of the local Military Government detachment. From a carved chair which he said was 400 years old, the Nazi regarded us with some condescension. "The trouble with you Americans," he purred, "is that you're too money-conscious. All you think about is dollars. . . . You Americans don't care about the finer things of life. All you're interested in is making money. You don't have any idealism, any strong convictions. Now, we Germans. . . ."

We cut him short by telling him we were not interested. But the rebuke did not faze him. Though Germany had been defeated, he had no hesitancy about criticizing American philosophy to American officers in uniform. In a moment he went on to tell us how wonderful the "Labor Front" had been. Not a day lost by strikes in his plant for twelve years. It might

have been Ley or Goebbels at the microphone.

We asked the captain afterward why he allowed an out-and-out Nazi like Krum to make money on U. S. troops.

"Oh, he's not really a Nazi. Besides, he's the only man who can run these factories. What's more important, anyway — ousting him or making handbags for the soldiers?" (The captain's father is a big packing-house operator in Des Moines.)

"Hell," we said, "we fought this war to throw the Nazis out."

"The war's over," said the captain.

We took it up with the white-haired lieutenant colonel in charge of Offenbach, formerly superintendent of schools in a small southern city. He was no less unperturbed. In fact, he became even more friendly with Herr Krum. He called on the suave industrialist and this is exactly what he said: "Herr Krum, I am setting up a municipal advisory council of a few prominent citizens of Offenbach to plan the reconstruction of the city. I would like to have you serve on it — if you think your former membership in the Nazi Party would not embarrass you." He made this offer though USFET was still insisting, as it had from the beginning, that Germany be denazified.

Fortunately for American face, Herr Krum is a smooth politician. He declined, suggesting that he would be more helpful "behind the scenes."

Those eager to excuse the lackadaisical official attitude seize on the fact

that a majority of the 6,000,000 members of the Nazi Party were never Nazis at heart. Civil servants were forced to join under threat of dismissal; business men had to join and contribute in order to rate credit and labor; during the all-out enrollment campaign of 1937, hundreds of thousands of comparatively unwilling people were literally compelled to enroll. Most of these last were never members in more than name and many never paid dues. Military regulations provide that only aggressive Nazis need be thrown out, and it is often difficult to distinguish the "nominal" from the "aggressive."

These complications, however, do not excuse the retention of well-known Nazis in office. Nor does it explain why, as of January 1, the U. S. Military Government had barred only 165,430 Nazis (out of at least 1,000,000, possibly 4,000,000) from responsible jobs.

II

Colonel Harry Cain can explain it, and bluntly: "Military Government officers just don't want to get rid of the Nazis." Colonel Cain is a former Republican candidate for senator from Washington. Last summer, he and General Henry Parkman Jr. (also a onetime candidate for the Senate) headed teams which inspected all Military Government detachments and records. They reported to Major General Clarence Adcock, second in command of U. S. Military Govern-

ment, that virtually none of the detachments had even begun to eliminate Nazis from governmental and industrial posts.

One reason they do not want to get rid of Nazis is expediency. There is a pretty general conviction that only Nazis can do the work. This (it can be argued) is natural, as the Nazi Party had been in power for twelve years, during which time no one else got any experience. Nazi office-holders themselves do all they can to foster this belief.

From the beginning of the occupation, the question of expediency plagued the G-5 division of General Eisenhower's staff, a combined Anglo-American unit charged with the supervision of civil affairs and military government. A schism developed on the proposition: would it be wise for General Eisenhower to insist on a house-cleaning which might cause turbulent conditions close to the front lines? American staff members, led by Brigadier General Frank D. McSherry, took the affirmative and, it can now be revealed, they were strongly opposed by the British component led by Lieutenant General A. E. Grasett, then G-5's head. He and his British subordinates regarded the extirpation of Nazi technicians and administrators as suicidal. Field commanders, busy with war, bolstered this view. At a top secret meeting in Versailles in January 1945, they gave specific examples:

"What are you going to do in a case like this? The one water engineer in a

city is a Nazi. He is the only man who knows the location of the water mains, where to go to repair the breaks. No one can replace him because all the charts of the water mains were destroyed. Fire him and it means that even our own troops won't have water."

The unfortunate "Patton case" was the result of following expediency even after fighting had ceased to be a factor. Brilliant as he was on the battlefield, the late General had no understanding of politics, nor patience with it, for that matter. Those of us who were on the inside can testify that his troubles came from no particular love of the Nazis but from bad choice of advisors who insisted that Nazis were necessary.

The officer actually in charge of Military Government in Bavaria under Patton was Colonel Charles Keegan, who was recently re-elected to the New York City Council as a protégé of former Democratic National Committee Chairman Edward J. Flynn. It was Keegan who selected Friedrich Schaeffer as Minister-President of Bavaria. Schaeffer later had to be removed for his pro-Nazi sympathies. After two months in office, Keegan had let so many Nazis stay in power that General Adcock gave him "emergency leave" in the United States and shortly thereafter arranged for him to return to civilian life.

General Patton, meanwhile, became so sold on keeping Nazis that he went to bat for them. It can now be revealed that General Eisenhower

moved to straighten out the Bavarian situation before the press exposed it. It can also be disclosed that last summer Patton wrote to "Dear Ike," arguing that there was no more difference between Nazis and anti-Nazis than between the "ins and the outs" who had been struggling for control in North Africa, Sicily and France. He urged that denazification be relaxed and requested Eisenhower to "pass the word along where it will do some good."

Eisenhower replied that the denazification program was no longer open for discussion and that it would be carried out. This did not impress Patton. On August 28, he made a speech at a closely-guarded meeting of all high-ranking Military Government officers in Frankfurt-am-Main openly challenging Eisenhower's policy. "Too many burgomeisters are being fired," said Patton. If this continued, he could not run his district.

The man who answered him was Lieutenant General Lucius Clay, Adcock's superior in charge of Military Government, second only to Eisenhower. This tough, ruthless military governor, hand-picked by President Roosevelt, had striven to enforce denazification from the time of his arrival in Germany several months before. No man to accept excuses or brook compromises, he said, in substance: all Nazis are going to be evicted — regardless.

Nevertheless, Patton made his fatal press conference statement a few weeks later in which he likened Nazis

and anti-Nazis to Republicans and Democrats and showed again a complete ignorance of German politics. After a thorough and painstaking investigation, General Eisenhower replaced Patton with a keen, reliable anti-Nazi, Lieutenant General Lucian Truscott.

In addition to the widespread tendency to surrender to expediency, other deficiencies beset Americans as military governors. The average officer in Germany today is far more interested in enjoying his stay abroad with sumptuous living and cooperative German women than he is in enforcing basic democratic principles. Over-sensitive to the wishes and complaints of the "under-dogs" and racked by a festering homesickness, most of the Americans are so eager to get home that their job and its significance means little to them. Many of them even delude themselves into thinking that most Germans were secretly opposed to the Nazis.

Just lately an important German police official in Berlin warned that the disinterest of American officers is actually contributing to a resurgence of Nazism. He should know. He is one of the few Reich police who fought Hitler and he paid for his opposition by a long term in a concentration camp. Revealing that hotly-written pamphlets claiming that "National Socialism is not Dead!" were being distributed in Berlin itself, he declared bitterly that Military Government was unable to cope with "an active and growing Nazi underground

movement." Even more bitterly, he added that American officers "have one eye on the boat for home and the other on their German mistresses."

III

Denazification got off to a bad start with the "Aachen scandal" of September 1944. When the city was captured, the commanding officer of the U. S. Military Government detachment kept more than fifty Nazis in municipal posts because he felt that he could not carry on the city administration under battle conditions without them. The press got wind of it and began to shock the U. S. public with the story. Among the rest, President Roosevelt was perturbed and the military governor was fired. But the last Aachen Nazi kept his job until six months later.

To make allowances for military necessity, Brigadier General Cornelius Ryan, Assistant Chief of Staff for Military Government of the 12th Army Group, developed the "Cologne Compromise," a denazification policy for use until surrender. Under it, Nazi burgomeisters would be thrown out but lesser officials would be retained as long as a town was in a Division or Corps area.

Though backed by the brass hats, even this relatively toothless policy was never fully applied. To Military Government officers in the field, it looked better to have the town in running order than to throw out a Nazi; and it seemed safer to have a

hospital functioning perfectly than to give a Hitlerite superintendent the bum's rush. What happened at Cologne itself was typical: the water engineer was fired and rehired as a "common laborer" with the same duties as before.

The clamp-down that might have been expected on V-E Day never happened because there were no working directives owing to the schism in G-5. There was still no guidance on who was a Nazi and what to do about him if he was. Then, in June and July 1945, when the U. S. Army took over its zone, top staff found themselves faced with the inevitable result of no policy: only a puny 20,000 of the million suspected Hitlerites had thus far been dismissed.

General Clay issued orders that instead of leaning over backward to keep Germany running, officers were to "lean over backward getting rid of Nazis." He also issued Military Government Law No. 8 which bans anyone who was more than a nominal Nazi from holding any office in government, from owning any business or holding any job save that of common laborer.

The cooperation he got, especially at first, was less than halfhearted. And even months after the Patton affair, USFET had to send telegrams to the Third and Seventh Armies threatening court martial for officers of more than 100 Military Government detachments unless the purge were speeded up.

Military Government detachments

have flooded headquarters with requests for permission to exempt certain people. These cases were originally handled by an appeals board headed by Lieutenant Colonel Sheldon Eliot, a professor of law, an expert on military government, and an ardent anti-Nazi. Colonel Eliot found that most cases did not warrant exemptions but some were tough. For instance, the case of the crippled civil service worker.

Since long before the Nazis came in, the cripple had supported himself and an unmarried sister on his small municipal job. He had been forced to join the party, was physically unfit for common labor and was faced with starvation if dismissed from his job. The case was tragic. But the board ruled the cripple out under Law 8.

Major E. Russell Kennedy, a former ace FBI man and a veteran of AMGOT in Sicily, came on a tough nut when he had to reorganize the Bremen police. The chief was a dyed-in-the-wool Hitlerite; scores of key police officials had joined the party early — presumptive evidence of real Nazism. On investigation, Kennedy found that nearly all had joined under threat of expulsion from the force. With ten or twenty years' service behind them, they had signed in order to eat. According to the evidence, most had never attended party meetings since joining. In asking for a ruling on the police, Major Kennedy pointed out that it would take several years to replace them. General Clay's ruling: "Throw them out."

Men like Major Kennedy carry out such orders. Others stall. For instance, the Military Government officer of a city near Frankfort-am-Main claimed that a Nazi veterinary was the only man capable of inspecting the city's meat supply. The Munich Military Government said there would be no one to count Bavarian noses if the Nazi census expert had to go. On investigation it turned out that Military Government officers had not even looked for replacements and had swallowed, hook, line and sinker, the claims of the Nazis themselves for retention. After the firing took place, replacements were found quickly enough. No bad-meat epidemics have broken out and the census-taking continues as usual.

Some of the people least impressed with denazification were the Army production control agencies — Quartermaster Corps, Ordnance, Engineers, etc. — who supervise factories supplying the Army. Their top-ranking officers refused point-blank to denazify. "Production comes first," they said. Everyone got so hot under the collar about it that the question was brought to Eisenhower late last fall. His solution was to transfer control of production agencies to Military Government.

The Transportation Corps was just as recalcitrant. Practically all key German railroad officials were Nazis and the Corps wanted to keep them all, even Dr. George Bauer, the Nazi transportation expert and mandatory-arrest case whom the Army had put in

charge of railroads in the U. S. zone. The Corps heads were afraid that the "disrupting effects" of wholesale dismissals among the 186,000 railroad workers would end in transportation paralysis. This question was also taken to Eisenhower and was finally settled by his successor, Lt. General Joseph McNarney after Eisenhower went to Washington. Bauer and some 4300 other railroaders were ousted by midnight, January 31, and 2400 Nazi-tainted employes of the Regensburg Railway Division were fired in February and March. Contrary to the pussy-foot predictions, the trains kept running.

IV

Although General Clay, for all his toughness, has not succeeded in impressing the people under him with the importance of denazification, the over-all record is certainly better than it was a few months ago. Bavarian government and industry is being swept clean. The *Reichspost* has been well purged with 9499 discharged and 382 jailed. Army authorities have even displaced thirty-three Nazi ecclesiastics and have recommended removal of 197 more.

At this point, with the job less than a quarter done after a slow start, the rush to get home has set in and has become more important than Nazis. Striving to fill the military breach with civilians, Secretary of War Patterson has sent out desperate appeals for recruits but has scarcely been able

to collect a handful of qualified men.

Faced with this deepening manpower shortage, Military Government has now turned over responsibility for denazification to the Germans themselves. Minister-presidents of the three provinces were asked to formulate codes for German-run purges, and after several attempts, finally produced a draft which received General Clay's approval last March. Under its terms, punishment for former Nazi or militaristic activities (penalties range from ten years in confinement and confiscation of property to debarment from certain jobs) has been delegated to special German courts in each urban and rural district. A "minister for political liberation" has been appointed in each of the provinces to supervise their operations.

What can be expected from the Germans can perhaps be guessed from the not-very-spirited first denazification efforts of the minister-presidents: They recommended that the severest punishment be applied, not to Nazis, but to those who "recklessly" accuse

others of Nazism; and they urged exemption from penalties for people who attend church regularly or who lost relatives in air raids. Further evidence of the German spirit was the first Bavarian election in which two men elected had to be barred from office — the voters had picked two Nazi Party members as their mayors. Military Government experts figure that if the Party were allowed to enter candidates in an over-all free election, a "modified" Nazi government would be returned to power.

Is this an overly pessimistic estimate? Not if you bear in mind the recent investigation of 783,000 Germans, only 1 per cent of whom could produce any evidence of ever having lifted a finger against the Nazis. Not if you consider the official opinion polls which show that the German public regards even the Army's mild denazification as too stringent.

It is only a year since V-E day. But the memory of the corpses at Buchenwald has been dissipated by too much German brandy and double talk.



*I*F THE Press diffuses light, it can also — as Bismarck discovered — diffuse darkness. If Science as a maid-of-all-work is a success, Science as an interpreter of the mystery of the Universe is a dismal failure. Even her immense practical boons only serve to amplify our senses and increase our speed: they cannot increase our happiness. Giants suffer as well as dwarfs, and the soul may sit lonely and sad, surrounded by mechanical miracles.

— ISRAEL ZANGWILL

WHAT IS KNOWN ABOUT STREPTOMYCIN

BY WILLIAM ELLSWORTH CRAFT

A NEW and powerful drug is taking its place alongside penicillin, a rival in the conquest of disease and a partner in the lifesaving process. It was found in the red dirt of New Jersey, and its name is streptomycin.

The new microbe fighter will not replace penicillin. Rather it will complement the famous mold-bred medicine. Penicillin remains the unchallenged master of one large group of bacteria; streptomycin subdues another, entirely different group against which penicillin is powerless. Together, they combat a large percentage of the infectious diseases that plague mankind.

Streptomycin, in fact, succeeds where not only penicillin but every other known drug has failed. Its devastating attack withers virulent germs such as those which cause influenzal infection of the brain membranes, tularemia or rabbit fever, dysentery, food poisoning, Malta fever, stubborn infections of the urinary tract, certain types of blood poisoning, and other afflictions. Perhaps most important of all, in the test tube the dreaded tuberculosis

bacillus is among those susceptible to the onslaught of streptomycin.

This does not mean that it will conquer human tuberculosis. The scarcity of the new substance has limited clinical observation, and a precise evaluation of its effect on this highly invasive, resistant disease is not yet possible. Results obtained to date, however, show definite promise in certain forms of tuberculosis. Against it, streptomycin has already accomplished more than any drug previously tried.

Penicillin was born by accident in a moment of inspired recognition of a fleeting, fortuitous opportunity. The new microbe destroyer, on the other hand, developed out of deliberate, painstaking research. Yet the two are related. Both are derived from microscopic organisms which normally inhabit the soil. When the Russian born scientist, Selman A. Waksman, extracted streptomycin from a manure pile at the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station in Rutgers University, he was taking another great stride forward along the path which

WILLIAM ELLSWORTH CRAFT has written extensively for scientific publications and is chief medical writer for one of America's leading drug manufacturers. He studied at Yale University School of Medicine and the New England Medical Center. One of his former articles, The Miracles of Penicillin, appeared in THE AMERICAN MERCURY two years ago.

Dr. Alexander Fleming, father of penicillin, had reopened.

In the broadest sense, the story of streptomycin begins with Pasteur's discovery that certain microscopic organisms are capable of destroying others. The drug had its immediate origin, however, about six years ago, early in 1940. It was then that Selman Waksman and a small group of research associates began the intensive work that was to lead to streptomycin.

II

At that time penicillin was still a laboratory curiosity, and Waksman was groping in the dark. But it was not long thereafter that the news of penicillin's magic reverberated throughout the medical world. Its limitations became apparent too. Waksman, in common with other scientists, reasoned that if penicillin could destroy one group of microbes, the soil might well yield other substances which could scourge the doughty bacterial survivors of its attack.

Waksman had an idea, but not a starting point. The discovery of penicillin, accidental as it was, had left no guideposts. There was only the blind process of trial and error. But that process had brought Paul Ehrlich to the famous Compound No. 606 after 605 failures, and the same technique might succeed here too.

Waksman decided on a methodical survey of the vast family of microscopic organisms known as actinomycetes. A keen observation led him to

choose this group for a beginning. In more than twenty-five years of bacteriological studies, he had been impressed repeatedly with the fact that this particular family survived other members of the soil's germ population when exposed to adverse conditions. Apparently it was equipped with a substance which enabled it to win out in the microbic struggle for existence. It seemed evident that this substance, like penicillin, might destroy bacteria in man as well as in the soil.

The New Jersey scientist's first step was to develop a method of testing the germ-killing powers of the numerous actinomycetes organisms which he proposed to study. He and his associates proceeded to grow the microbes they wanted to kill in shallow, round, laboratory plates called Petri dishes. To these they added more than 500 individual strains of actinomycetes, then patiently waited for the effect.

Initial results quickly confirmed Waksman's idea. The preliminary screening test proved that as many as 30 per cent of the actinomycetes strains displayed a remarkable ability to destroy the disease-producing bacteria. Germs which had been thriving stopped growing and began to disappear soon after the cultures were added.

Here was initial success; the next step was more difficult, for the substance responsible for the actinomycetes' lethal effect on virulent microbes had to be extracted. This proved to be a delicate maneuver. But persistent, day and night research even-

tually yielded a potent extract. This substance, which they named actinomycin, had powerful germicidal properties, but it was useless as a medicine, for it was found to be as destructive to animal bodies as to germs. The scientists continued their search. By this time they had developed improved techniques of extraction, and the work proceeded at an accelerated pace.

Soon another substance was isolated. This extract, streptothricin, passed all its preliminary tests with flying colors. It destroyed bacteria that resisted penicillin and worked in animals as well as it had in the test tube. But again the scientists were bound for disillusionment. Streptothricin proved to be a traitor. At first the animals suffered no ill effects, but after a lapse of days or weeks they became poisoned. This curious phenomenon, known to doctors as delayed drug toxicity, eliminated streptothricin.

In spite of these bitter disappointments, Waksman and his team of research workers were nearing their goal. Each new attempt had meant a step forward. Actinomycin had shown promise; streptothricin was far better. Finally, after testing a seemingly endless number of cultures, the tireless Rutgers group found a germ-fighter as effective as streptothricin and as harmless as penicillin in a culture taken from a pile of decomposed fertilizer.

The new chemical overcame some of the toughest microbes known to science without apparent harm to the animal body. Nevertheless, all pos-

sibility of delayed toxicity had to be eliminated. To establish streptomycin's safety beyond doubt would require months of careful observation, as well as extensive materials and facilities which Waksman did not possess in his modest laboratory. Consequently, he took his chemical to the well-equipped research laboratories of a neighboring chemical concern. There several of his former students and associates carried on the research. At these laboratories chemists who specialized in soil bacteria had done much of the experimental and developmental work on penicillin. It was there also that streptothricin's dangerous toxicity had been disclosed.

The most rigorous scientific scrutiny that any new drug has ever received established irrefutable proof of the safety of streptomycin. It cured mice that had been infected with ordinarily overwhelming doses of lethal bacteria, and did so without damaging effects on the mice.

III

Streptomycin was now ready for its supreme test — trial in human beings. There was no little anxiety in medical circles as the first small supplies of the precious chemical were distributed to military surgeons and leading hospital doctors for injection into patients. Mice are not men, and many other drugs which had worked wonders in the laboratory had failed miserably in humans. But streptomycin was a drug of destiny.

When the field of battle was transferred from earth to man, the triumphs of the soil-bred substance gave no sign of diminishing. Pitted against severe bladder and kidney infections, it quickly conquered bacteria that had resisted the onslaught of all other drugs, including penicillin. These ordinarily recalcitrant infections, which commonly plague older people, also follow paralysis of the bladder caused by injuries to the spinal cord. Streptomycin has already proved to be a life-saver — literally — in several such cases.

Against tularemia or rabbit fever, a disease which yearly claims thousands of victims in rural districts, streptomycin again was an unqualified success. This lingering infection, usually acquired through handling an infected wild rabbit, racks the body with a burning fever, induces utter prostration, and frequently causes mental derangements. Streptomycin brings prompt relief. Typical is the case of C. S., who was hospitalized on the second day of her illness with a temperature of 103, which speedily rose to 105. She was delirious and in a state of deep prostration. Emergency treatment was immediately instituted with a favorable response, but her temperature remained dangerously high, and delirium persisted. On the third day of her illness, streptomycin was injected. Sixteen hours later she had completely regained her mental faculties, and her fever had fallen more than two degrees. Twenty-four hours after streptomycin was first adminis-

tered, her temperature was almost normal, and with the exception of profound fatigue she felt well. Shortly thereafter, recovery was complete.

Influenzal meningitis, an invasion of the brain membranes by the influenza bacillus, almost always attacks younger children, often babies less than a year old. Its onset is swift. Close on the heels of a severe headache come convulsive seizures or coma. Unless treatment is prompt, death is almost inevitable. In the relatively few cases treated with the limited quantities of streptomycin available to date, results have been spectacular.

For dysentery, a less dramatic but nevertheless serious condition which is always debilitating and sometimes fatal, streptomycin also offers hope. Other serious diseases that give promise of yielding to its curative action include certain types of food poisoning and Malta fever — the disease contracted through drinking milk from infected cows or goats — as well as a severe form of pneumonia caused by the germ known as Friedlander's bacillus.

High on the list of infections against which streptomycin is effective are certain types of blood poisoning due to bacteria, which yield to no other treatment. Penicillin destroys gram-positive bacteria, but remains impotent against most gram-negative microbes. It is against the latter groups that streptomycin works its magic.

Few diseases have resisted medical treatment more stubbornly than tuberculosis. In the incessant fight against

it, hopes for the aid of streptomycin are high. In the test tube, the tuberculosis germ is among the most susceptible to streptomycin's destructive action. In the laboratory, streptomycin has been strikingly effective in curing tubercular guinea pigs. But human tuberculosis is a complicated and highly resistant disease. In the comparatively few cases thus far treated with streptomycin, excellent results have been obtained with certain forms of the disease, discouraging ones with others. The greatest hope lies in those cases which are diagnosed and treated early. When the disease has been caught in a primary stage, streptomycin has effected prompt improvement. Chronic, long-standing cases where the invading bacteria are well-entrenched and have already destroyed large segments of lung tissue, appear to be highly resistant. Doctors who have used the drug at the Mayo Clinic feel that it exerts a limited suppressive effect on tuberculosis, especially in the more unusual

forms of the disease. Present knowledge indicates that streptomycin will prove at least a highly useful aid to the established methods of treatment.

When will sufficient quantities of this remarkable new medical weapon be available? Probably as soon as its potential uses and optimum techniques of therapy have been adequately explored. Streptomycin's full role in human medicine will not be completely defined for several months at least. Meanwhile, chemical manufacturers are working prodigiously to spur production. One company currently has under construction a \$3,500,000 plant designed exclusively for streptomycin production, and several other large chemical concerns are entering the field. Present indications are that large-scale production will be established by summer or early fall. When this has been accomplished, medical science will have scored a new, far-reaching victory in its incessant warfare against disease.



A SECRET voice tells us that we must be to blame for being idle. If a man could find a state in which while being idle he could feel himself to be of use and to be doing his duty, he would have attained to one side of primitive blessedness. And such a state of obligatory and irreproachable idleness is enjoyed by a whole class — the military class. It is in that obligatory and irreproachable idleness that the chief attraction of military service has always consisted, and will always consist.

—TOLSTOY: *War and Peace*

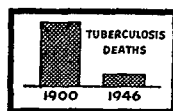
Man's war against Tuberculosis

can be won!



Already the death rate from this disease has dropped to

less than one fourth



of the toll

in 1900.

As more and more people have regu-

lar physical examinations,



doctors

will be able to discover those carriers

of tuberculosis who have the disease

without knowing it.



An important part of such examinations is the use of the X-ray or fluoroscope.



Control of all such cases through modern medical methods can

reduce the death rate still further!

Have an annual physical examination!

This is particularly important for those who have persistent coughs.

If you have tuberculosis, self-discipline in following *all* of your doctor's instructions will generally lead to recovery.

Periodic medical checkups will help to guard against recurrences, and permit you to lead a nearly normal life.

For information on public and private examination facilities in your community consult your doctor, health officer, or local Tuberculosis Association.

To help avoid tuberculosis, send for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet, 56-L, "Tuberculosis."

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company (A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

COPYRIGHT 1946—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY



WILHELMINA OF THE NETHERLANDS

BY HENDRIK DE LEEUW

JUST a year ago, a small, motherly figure, plainly dressed as always, in low-heeled oxfords, a simple black hat and a hip-length jacket whose only luxurious accessory was a red fox scarf, stepped off an RAF plane somewhere in Holland. Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, had returned to her home and her people after five years of exile.

The familiar sights of home — the scrubbed cobblestones and stoops, the flat, low countryside — were heart-warming. The enthusiastic reception accorded her by her usually undemonstrative countrymen; the cheers and ovations; the homes and public buildings hung with the orange, white and blue colors of the House of Orange; the traditional orange rosettes which she saw adorning the lapels of many of her subjects — all evidences of a deep and abiding faith in, and allegiance to, herself — brought tears. From the moment that town crier Toon ten Broeke, in the township of Eede, sang out the news that their *Landsmoeder* (Mother of the Country) was coming

home, loyal Hollanders had been preparing for her arrival. With the return of their well-loved Queen, it seemed they could once more pick up the threads of national life which had been abruptly severed when Hitler's armies had invaded the lowlands.

Wilhelmina was back, ready to take up her duties once more as Holland's ruler. But her current problems appear to be as tangled and complicated, if not more so, than those which confronted her when, at the urgent pleas of her councillors, she fled to the British Isles back in the early days of 1940.

Holland had clung tenaciously to a policy of strict neutrality in the First World War, and when the Second loomed, Wilhelmina hoped to retain that policy. As late as two days before the outbreak of hostilities in 1939, the Queen, acting in concert with Leopold of Belgium, had offered her services as peace mediator. Although she had received assurance from Hitler that Dutch neutrality would be respected, the Nazi columns rolled across Hol-

HENDRIK DE LEEUW is author of many books on the Netherlands and its Empire, including *Crossroads of the Java Sea*, *Crossroads of the Zuider Zee*, *Java Jungle Tales*, and *History of Rubber*. His interpretations of Dutch affairs appear periodically in the *New York Herald Tribune* and many other newspapers and magazines.

land's borders on May 10, 1940. Four days later, all resistance ceased. Holland had been cut in two; Rotterdam and Amsterdam, her two principal cities, lay in ruins; her army had been completely routed; Wilhelmina and the rest of the royal family fled.

Wilhelmina's decision to leave was not an easy one. Always before she had stood by in every emergency. Now it appeared she was running away. But Wilhelmina had always been practical. She realized that if she were captured and imprisoned she could not help her people at all. So, unlike Belgium's Leopold, she decided to risk the uncertainties of exile. Carrying her country's gold and her crown jewels, Wilhelmina boarded an England-bound British destroyer, accompanied by her daughter, Juliana, her son-in-law and two granddaughters.

As might have been expected, Holland's burghers were stunned by the Queen's departure. The Nazis and their Dutch adherents were quick to make capital out of the general bewilderment by calling her a deserter. One of Wilhelmina's first acts was to broadcast an explanation of her activities to her homeland from England. Thereafter, as the months went by and they watched the development of their monarch's policies, Hollanders rallied more solidly than ever behind the House of Orange.

This was not the first time Wilhelmina had brought her people to her way of thinking. Following World War I when more than one throne had toppled before the impact of postwar un-

rest, Socialists and Communists had secured the passage of a resolution in Parliament demanding the overthrow of the House of Orange. Instead of docilely acquiescing, Wilhelmina, attended only by her daughter, had appeared in a public park in the Hague to argue her case. The crowd, momentarily dazed by her daring, soon acclaimed her with wild enthusiasm. Excited youths unharnessed the horse of her carriage and pulled their Queen back to the palace themselves. Thereafter, anti-monarchist sentiment subsided.

II

Wartime London was scarcely the place where the safeguards and amenities of royalty, which at home had kept Wilhelmina from intimate contact with the common people, could be maintained. In exile there, her face became a familiar one to all Londoners. Their sympathies went out to this woman, who, routed from her bed at Claridges Hotel night after night by air raids, would don a plain flannel dressing gown and descend to the shelter with the rest of the guests. The same conditions of life which exposed her to popular attention taught her new lessons in practical democracy. They were to serve her well in understanding her people when she again took up the reins of government in postwar Holland.

It was one of these "forced democratic" contacts which caused her to move from Claridges to an ancient

house in Eaton Square, for raids by the *Luftwaffe* disturbed her slumbers far less than the snores of the Claridges' director who slept next to her in the shelter. Since her new home provided no protection from air raids, she later moved to the country, where she remained during the rest of her stay in England.

During her period of exile, Wilhelmina adhered to a simple, busy routine, just as she had always done. After an early and characteristically Dutch breakfast of bread, cheese and coffee, she would answer both official and personal correspondence. She carefully followed all news reports and special broadcasts beamed to occupied Holland. Occasionally her clear, firm contralto voice sounded over Station Orange as she urged the Dutch to new faith and courage. The varied interests of Empire dominated the remainder of her day.

Exile was to put the Queen's policies on trial. In normal times, Holland was a democratic constitutional monarchy. Fundamentally, power reposed in the States-General, the bicameral legislature. Wilhelmina's position resembled that of our President, and like him, she had the power to veto laws passed by the legislature—a right she seldom exercised. She too could initiate legislation, and her guiding hand had frequently been seen behind progressive measures. But in spite of her seemingly broad powers, Wilhelmina had never tried to dominate government policy.

In London, however, there was no

legislature. The exigencies of the situation made it necessary for Wilhelmina to act independently, to issue decrees proxy fashion, without the usual parliamentary procedure. Her position was made even more trying by the clique of conservative bankers whose intrigues filled Stratton House, the Dutch government's temporary headquarters, and by a "Palace Guard" of parasites, diehard capitalists and bureaucrats, similar to the groups which harassed all governments-in-exile in those difficult days.

Wilhelmina, however, was convinced that Holland's future rested with the leaders of the Resistance; she saw herself as the spokesman of her silenced people. Prince Bernhard, her German son-in-law, and commander-in-chief of the Netherlands Underground forces, was a strong force in counteracting the reactionary influences of Wilhelmina's cabinet. He even urged her to dispense with that body and to appoint two Underground leaders to the post of minister. She interviewed every escaped Hollander, and otherwise kept in close touch with events at home, refusing to sign any bills or decrees until she had determined the attitude of the Underground.

Those turbulent war days broke other precedents in Wilhelmina's life. Before the Nazis overran her country, she had never travelled overseas. But twice, first in 1942, and again in 1943, she paid a flying visit to her daughter, Juliana, and her granddaughters in Canada. On one of these visits she lived for a time at Lee, Massachusetts,

where she charmed the townspeople with her simple, unaffected mien. Once, when Juliana and her daughters were expected, like any other grandmother, she drove to town to buy linoleum for the bathroom floor so that her grandchildren could spill water on it to their heart's content. On another occasion, she stopped at the local drugstore, where the good-natured druggist greeted her unceremoniously with the words, "Good morning, Queen," and the two proceeded to chat informally as all small town neighbors do.

She also stayed for a time at Hyde Park, as President Roosevelt's guest. Her first impressions of him were not entirely favorable, for his frequent moods of carefree exuberance were not easily understood by the staid Dutch woman. As their acquaintance ripened, however, he made a strong impression on her, and afterwards, when knotty problems arose in London, she often suggested to her councillors: "Don't you think we had better send a cable to President Roosevelt about this?"

III

Queen Wilhelmina is often compared with Queen Victoria, whom she resembles in many respects. Both were called early to the throne; both married German consorts; both enjoyed long and successful reigns in the course of which they outlived their husbands.

Daughter of King Willem II and Queen Emma, Wilhelmina Helena Pauline Maria of Orange-Nassau was

born in 1880 when her father was sixty-three. He had had two sons by an earlier wife, but survived the three of them. Left a widower, he married Queen Emma, the daughter of a German prince, and Wilhelmina was the only issue of that union.

When her father died in 1890, ten-year-old Wilhelmina was proclaimed Queen, but the business of the state was carried on under the regency of the Queen-Mother. At eighteen, Wilhelmina was inaugurated, and became not only the titular, but the actual ruler of Holland and its vast Empire. Her husband, to whom she was married at twenty-one, Henry Aladimir Albert Ernst, duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, died in 1934. Their only daughter, Princess Juliana, following in her mother's footsteps, is married to another German prince, Bernhard zu Lippe-Biesterfeld. They have three daughters.

Wilhelmina herself typifies all that is Dutch: she abhors waste in any form, and her passion for thoroughness, practicality and simplicity extend to every sphere. She inherits the frugality of speech which characterized her ancestor, Willem the Silent. Punctual to a fault, she once dismissed a general who kept her waiting two minutes at a military review. She dislikes frivolity and frowns on modern sports and dancing.

Deeply religious by upbringing and instinct, she is a devout member of the Dutch Reformed Church. Bible reading and prayer form an integral part of her daily routine.

Her shares of the Netherlands Trading Society — a shrewd investment made by her forebear, King Willem I — alone assure her an annual income of five million dollars; the capital she has accumulated from the same source is estimated at \$20,000,000. Despite the fact that she is an extremely wealthy woman, Wilhelmina lives simply. Gardening is one of her favorite hobbies, and she maintains a dairy, the surplus from which goes to her people. She is a talented landscape artist, and an able linguist, although she demands that the mother tongue be used at court.

In line with her simple way of life, Wilhelmina steadfastly refuses to patronize Parisian modistes. The latest modes are not for her, and the style of her clothes is distinctly middle-class, even old fashioned. Medium in height, with a graceful carriage which offsets her rotundity, the Queen dresses comfortably and to please only herself. She shuns lipstick and rouge, although she does submit to the ministrations of a *coiffeur*.

Throughout a fifty-six-year reign filled with foreign and domestic complications, Queen Wilhelmina has proved herself a competent administrator. Holland, like many other small European nations, has learned that in the event of altercations among the major powers, a policy of strict neutrality is to her best interests, and until World War II, she was able to adhere to it. Also like other small nations, she has found the role of neutral a very precarious one at times.

While holding fast to this policy of neutrality and refraining from entering any foreign alliances, Wilhelmina has on occasion deviated from this general rule. She has always defended her country's right to act independently, and frequently she has thrown Holland's weight into the international scales.

On her own initiative and in the face of British displeasure, she sent a warship to South Africa at the conclusion of the Boer War to carry "Oom Paul" Kruger, the defeated president, to Holland where she received him at court. In 1900 she sanctioned Holland's participation in a punitive expedition to China. At the birth of the Young Turk movement, Holland joined in the occupation of Constantinople. In 1908 when Venezuela's *caudillo*, Cipriano Castro, expelled the Dutch minister on the charge that Curaçao, a Netherland possession, was harboring his political enemies, and retaliated by seizing Dutch merchantmen, Wilhelmina's gun boats not only blockaded Venezuelan ports, but sank her navy as well. Later she defended Dutch oil interests in Tampico against Mexican insurgents.

In 1914 war came to Wilhelmina's doorstep. In spite of pressure from both sides, she clung rigidly to neutrality, although it was maintained at no mean cost. Closing the Scheldt River, she prohibited all belligerent vessels from entering Holland's territorial waters. Utterly dependent on her sea-borne commerce, Holland's economy was badly hit. The British blockade

and Germany's unrestricted submarine warfare brought Dutch industry virtually to a standstill. However, the Queen took the initiative in the humanitarian policy which opened Holland's frontiers to more than a million refugees. Subsequently, the Dutch also fed and cared for thousands of German, as well as Belgian children, who were victims of the war.

Always willing to stand fast when convinced of the justice of her cause, the Queen adamantly upheld Holland's historic right of asylum when the Allies protested the ex-Kaiser's presence in the Lowlands. She denied repeated appeals for his extradition, and allowed him to live in retirement at Castle Doorn for the rest of his life.

Between World War I and World War II, Wilhelmina fostered many important social reforms. She extended the franchise to include women. She sponsored educational reforms which were to reduce illiteracy in Holland below the level of any other state on the continent. She supported old age pensions, as well as accident and unemployment insurance, and encouraged an enormous building program. In the early twenties, she initiated a vast thirty-year reclamation project, which will eventually rescue some 900 square miles (valued at \$210,000,000) from the waters of the Zuider Zee, at an ultimate cost of \$190,000,000. Although interrupted by the advent of war, the project was one-third complete in 1941, and work on it will be resumed shortly. Finally, the Queen encouraged Holland's avia-

tion industry, and eventually the Dutch air line, KLM, world air route pioneers, was formed. This line, which serves many European capitals, has reached out to Batavia (Netherlands East Indies) and Curaçao (Netherlands West Indies), and hopes to share honors with American Overseas Airlines when the Amsterdam-New York service is inaugurated in the near future.

IV

Wilhelmina has met the many black periods in her long half-century reign with courage. She will need even more courage in dealing with the many problems of the current reconstruction era which confront her. The rebuilding of shattered Rotterdam, one of the great ports of the continent, and Amsterdam, Holland's other great city, will require time and money. Intense international competition will have to be met in rebuilding the sea trade on which Dutch economy chiefly rests.

Four years of German occupation have left Holland's health at low ebb. The disease index increased 500 per cent through the last of the war years; during the first six months of 1945 tuberculosis deaths rose 300 per cent, and in January of this year, the death rate was still double that of 1940; infant mortality, though on the decline, showed a rise of 80 per cent as compared with 1940. Public health surveys further reveal a great deal of dysentery, typhus and enteritis.

Wilhelmina's greatest problems, however, lie not at home, but with her colonies. Her country's eminence as a world power is at stake, for the fabled East Indies appear to be slipping from her grasp. The huge natural wealth of this area has swollen Holland's coffers for centuries. Before the war, the East Indies exported 91 per cent of the world's cinchona bark; 86 per cent of the world's pepper; 37 per cent of its natural rubber; 19 per cent of its tea, 24 per cent of its palm oil products, as well as great quantities of teak, sugar, tobacco, coffee, kapok, tin, oil, and copra.

Although Indonesian unrest has plagued Wilhelmina from the very beginning of her reign, it has never before assumed such crucial form. The demand for Indonesian self-government was first raised in the Dutch Parliament in 1901 by Henri van Kol, a socialist deputy, when the Queen was still in her early twenties. Wilhelmina then took the position that the Netherlands had a moral duty to fulfil towards her colonial subjects. The upshot of the matter was the initiation of a system of local East Indian autonomy, a far-cry from independence.

In the ensuing years, Indonesia became more and more politically conscious, and the nationalist movement grew by leaps and bounds. In 1916, with the Queen's approval, Holland was forced to set up a representative body, called the People's Council, for the Indies. Powerless at first, the Council gradually acquired considerable authority, although ultimate

control remained at the Hague. Through the Council's efforts, a system of public education was established, but this remained on a voluntary basis, for the Dutch contended that Indonesians were not yet ready for compulsory education.

Other reforms followed slowly, but the Indonesians came no closer to their coveted goal of independence. Wilhelmina finally sanctioned a protracted investigation into the strength and scope of the nationalist movement by the Visman Commission one year before World War II began. The Commission rendered its wordy and non-committal report two days before Pearl Harbor. It was undoubtedly with this report in mind that the Queen, in an address before our Congress on August 6, 1942, contented herself with a vague reference to the amalgamation of the varied peoples of Indonesia into one harmonious community. Six months later she spoke of the establishment of a commonwealth in which the Netherlands, Indonesia, Surinam and Curaçao would participate, with the policy of the commonwealth to be determined by the common needs of all its component groups and areas.

As for the Indonesian patriots, they learned a great deal about self-government through Underground activities when the Japanese overran their lands. Their hopes drew added encouragement from the Atlantic Charter, to which Wilhelmina and her government subscribed.

President Soekarno and Premier

Sutan Sjahrir of the unrecognized Indonesian Republic have branded Wilhelmina's promises as empty phrases. They are determined that the old order, under which the natives were employed at starvation wages and the profits of the Indies drained off into the pockets of absentee stockholders, shall remain a thing of the past. Instead, they propose either a plebiscite under United Nations' supervision, or dominion status guaranteed by the UNO. In the latter case, they demand autonomy for the Indies in matters of defense, foreign relations, international trade and finance.

For a long time, opinion in the Netherlands was widely split on the question. Conservative diehards urged the use of force in dealing with recalcitrant colonials; socialists and left-wing groups felt the old imperial order was dead, and that Holland should concede, in principle, Indonesia's demands. When direct negotiations with the nationalists bogged down last December, Wilhelmina ordered Acting-Governor General Hubertus van Mook to report to her in person. He returned to Java at the end of January, carrying new terms—not for outright independence, but for autonomy within the Netherlands commonwealth of nations. These terms further included a constitution containing a full bill of rights, and a guarantee that Indonesians would have full management of their own internal affairs, subject only to such authority as a Governor General may employ whenever necessary to obtain “effi-

cient and sound financial management.” Finally the Indonesians were given the right to vote at some future date “in our time,” as to whether they wish full independence or dominion status. That indefinite phrase, “in our time,” may prove the major stumbling block to present negotiations.

Indonesian leaders regard the Dutch offer merely as the starting point for further discussions. The nationalist extremists will require considerable pressure before relinquishing their demands for complete independence at this time. But Wilhelmina is a practical woman. As a last resort, she may swallow the bitter pill which the Indonesians proffer and submit the colonies' problems to the Trustee Council of the Council of Ministers of the United Nations.

While the outcome is anyone's guess, latest reports indicate that negotiations between the Indonesians and the Dutch are to be transferred to The Hague, because “discussions at the plenary session of March 30 showed that the viewpoints . . . have now become close enough to justify a visit to The Netherlands by Dr. van Mook in order to consult with his government.”

What the future holds for Wilhelmina and her nation remains to be seen. This month's elections for Holland's peacetime Parliament will indicate whether the inherent conservatism of the Dutch can prove a bulwark against the pressures of revolutionary change, the shift to the left apparent all over Europe today. These

elections may also indicate whether Holland will maintain her traditionally independent course in foreign affairs, or whether she will feel called upon to enter the game of power politics, and through alliances, place herself under the hegemony of a more powerful state or group of states. As for Wilhelmina's Empire, the old

colonial bonds are strained to the breaking point; voices, silenced by the war, now clamoring more and more loudly for independence, will have to be heard. Holland's very existence as a world power lies in the balance. We may be sure, however, that whatever the future, adaptable Wilhelmina will face it with her accustomed serenity.



IN THE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

WHY aren't you asleep?"

"Memories tumble in my mind,
Trailing music as melancholy
As all the deep past. . . .
The summer afternoon I first followed a cloud
Till my eyes could see it no more,
And my heart jumped
At the thought of its unknown destination. . . .
The mother with a child in her arms,
Plodding the New York midnight snow
Not long after Black Friday, 1929. . . .
The girl crying over an ice cream soda
In a drug store only last Sunday. . . .
The moon that seemed so reluctant
To leave the skies
But a few hours ago. . . .
And what has become of the comfort
That flowers down the ages
Have given the children of women. . . .
Why aren't you asleep?"

"To hear you say
What you have just said,
My darling."

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Lute, the Trombone and Criticism

IT WAS apparent from the reviews of *Lute Song* by the New York critics that they would prefer the Chinese play to have been written by George S. Kaufman. Judging from their dicta, they not only alone condemn this particular specimen of the Chinese drama but that drama in its entirety, which of course is their privilege if not precisely a tribute to their æsthetic flexibility and dramatic education. If they must swallow the Chinese drama in any form, they seem to favor it in such Piccadilly or Broadway caricatures as *Chu Chin Chow*, *The Yellow Jacket* and *Lady Precious Stream*, or, perhaps better still, in the shape of something like the late Charles Hoyt's *A Trip to Chinatown*.

Their antipathy is, however, not altogether unintelligible. Like most Americans, they crave speed and action above all else and, since the Chinese drama is lacking in such attributes, it fails to gratify them. They further are not to be won by the sentiment in Chinese drama; it is much too delicate for their taste. They prefer not, to be sure, sentimentality, but sentiment less suggestive of the lotus flower and more solidly identified with that of *Life With Father* and *I Remember Mama*. They prefer, in other words,

Papa's "Look, Katrin; you wanted the present; Mama wanted your happiness; she wanted it more than she wanted the brooch" and little Katrin's tearful "But I never meant her to do *that*; she *loved* it so; it was all she had of Grandmother's" to the softly singing words of the lutes and the willows. And it is thus, and naturally, that the gentle languor and gentle flow and gentle sentiment of any such play as this, whether Chinese or Irish or American, is alien to their acceptance and that *Lute Song*, like a *Within the Gates* or a *My Heart's in the Highlands*, must fail with them.

This is not to say that this particular Chinese classic is a work of perfection. It is very far, indeed, from being that in either its original or adapted form. But it is at least charming and affecting and, for all its undeniable lags and lapses, something like the sound of a mandolin in the prevailing dramatic din of trombones. Nothing is perfect in the drama; even the greatest play ever written, *Hamlet*, grandly jars perfection at several points. But for some inscrutable reason our critics sternly look for and demand the ultimate or nothing in the drama of any land and any peoples remote and completely strange to them. They

have, their writings show, once again looked for and demanded it here. It is not here, and consequently they have abruptly dismissed not only the play as a whole but some of the very elements in it which they heartily endorse in equivalent in the Occidental drama.

II

In an essay on the play by its co-adaptor, Will Irwin, we read that "*Pi-Pa-Ki (The Story of a Lute)* was written in its original form by Kao-Tong-Kia." Mr. Irwin is in error. The play is not *Pi-Pa-Ki* but *Pi-Pa-Chi*. And the original author was not Kao-Tong-Kia but Kao-Tsi-ch'ing.

In the original, the play, which is in the later Ming dynasty as opposed to the Yuan form, emphasizes filial devotion and piety, a theme favorite of Chinese drama. In its adapted form, it emphasizes marital fidelity, with the filial piety theme somewhat shadowed. This, it seems to me, is not only thoroughly legitimate, since that theme, too, inheres in the original, but even an improvement, at least in the case of the Western stage. The filial piety idea in the original is overly extended in treatment; the speeches concerning it overly long. The counterpoint story of the young husband who travels afar to seek fame and whose love for the young wife he has left behind endures above everything including a forced court second marriage is the stronger dramatic thread, and the adaptors have in the main

done well with it. They have, if anything, retained just a bit too much of the filial theme; at times it intrudes and again overemphasizes itself.

Among the peculiar local critical objections to the play we observe that "it is altogether too languid; nothing happens in it." If love, marriage, bigamy, pilgrimage, soul torture, starvation, violent death and divers other such joys and catastrophes do not constitute something happening, Strindberg's *The Dance of Death*, for one example, must have been written by a Chinaman. Another not less peculiar criticism is that the local elaborate costuming of the play is out of key with its simplicity. Elaborate costuming has surely not been unknown in the Chinese theatre in the instances of plays equally simple, and has not violated their simplicity.

III

More and more it becomes clear that plays of delicate charm are distasteful to the bulk of local criticism and that the producer who courageously takes a chance with them is destined often to find himself with his chemise tail out. The majority of the critics, as in the case of this *Lute Song*, whose dramatic beauty, if not stage embellishment, was allowed to go for nothing, have turned thumbs down on any number of plays which similarly have sought the lace and silk and music in themes more generally maneuvered in terms of rough tweed. Or, if not precisely thumbs down, they have visited

upon them that kind of condescension which usually takes its grim toll at the box-office.

Quality or little, the more delicate drama thus finds itself challenged before even its curtain lifts. We discover, accordingly, that in the last ten years such deserving plays of the species as *Noah*, *The Beautiful People*, *Magic*, *My Heart's in the Highlands*, *A Highland Fling* and the like have suffered as much, if indeed not more, than such less deserving as *Heavenly Express*, *The Innocent Voyage*, *How Beautiful With Shoes*, and *Solitaire*. A charming *Love's Old Sweet Song* has fared no better than a poor *Mr. Sycamore*, and all, failing Michael Todd's "meat and potatoes" definition of popularity, have failed in turn with the critics and, consequently, a sheep-like public.

It is a strange commentary on our theatre and its responsible critical guides that a play like *Noah* achieves only forty-five performances as against a *Kiss and Tell's* 948, that one like *My Heart's in the Highlands* upon its initial presentation only fourteen as against a *Junior Miss's* 710, and a *A Highland Fling* but twenty-eight as against a *Janie's* 642. Open to some skepticism, surely, is a critic-led stage that provides only forty performances for something like *The Innocent Voyage* and all of 1295 for something like *Angel Street*, only a forced, cut-rate sixty-four for a *The Beautiful People* against a gold-mine 835 for *Three Men on a Horse*, and but twenty-three for something like *Letters to Lucerne*, forty-seven for *Magic* and

thirty-two for *Aged 26* as against 865 for *My Sister Eileen*, 671 for *The Dough-girls* and 669 for *Boy Meets Girl*. Open to some skepticism, that is, on the part of those who, while admittedly relishing a number of these praised and prosperous plays, yet long at times for a stage that might be critically blessed with plays which at least aim at something just a little finer, a little more fanciful, and just a little more sparked by imagination.

Our professional theatre has lost a lot because of this dramatic delicacy phobia. It has lost the enjoyment to be found in many of the plays of Synge and Yeats, of Dunsany and Lady Gregory, of Sierra and the Quinteros, of Capus and Giacosa and Schnitzler and various such others. What it has meanwhile gained from those of our side-street merchants of realism I leave to some different brand of critical statistician.

Perhaps I am not altogether fair to those who in these later years have been the public's mentors. The distaste for plays of delicacy is no new thing in American critical circles; it dates pretty far back. It has taken its pound of flesh from countless plays, many of them of merit. It has dismissed such as Hauptmann's *The Sunken Bell* and Barrie's *The Legend of Leonora*, Browning's *Pippa Passes* and Schnitzler's *Light o' Love*, Rostand's *The Far-Away Princess* and his *The Last Night of Don Juan*. It has sent to limbo many like Locke's *The Morals of Marcus*, Strong's *The Toy Maker of Nuremberg*, Gillette's *Clarice*, and Marks'

The Piper. It has declined Jones' *Michael and His Lost Angel* in favor of his *Mrs. Dane's Defence* and Maeterlinck's *Sister Beatrice* in favor of his *Monna Vanna*. It has condemned Zoë Akins' *Papa* and welcomed her *De-classé*, has walloped George M. Cohan's *Pigeons and People* and smiled upon his *Hit-the-Trail Halliday*, has spurned Harrison Rhodes' *The Willow Tree* and endorsed his *The Gentleman from Mississippi*. It has had little use for Savoir's *The Lion Tamer*, Guitry's *Mozart*, Bernard's *Invitation to a Voyage*, Dorrance Davis' *A Lady in Love*, Anderson's and Stallings' *First Flight*, and dozens of others such.

But what once was, nevertheless,

still is. The plays that continue to achieve the favor of most of the critics are, as in this season (I use the critics' own designations), the "strong" plays like *Deep Are the Roots*, the "constructive and meaty" plays like *State of the Union*, the "ingeniously staged three-track" plays like *Dream Girl*, and the "rowdy, bawdy, swift, belly-laugh" plays like *Born Yesterday*. I do not for a moment mean to suggest that one or two of these plays are not amusing and good theatre fare. They are. But I daresay our theatre can stand at times something a little different, something a little more elevated, and something baptized in more imagination and beauty. *Lute Song* is such a play.



Hints to Tourists in Italy —

The enormous weight of the large trunks used by some travellers not infrequently causes serious injury to the porters who have to handle them. Heavy articles should therefore always be placed in the smaller packages.

In visiting picture-galleries or churches on warm days it is advisable to drive thither and walk back, as otherwise the visitor enters the cool building in a heated state and has afterwards no opportunity of regaining the desirable temperature through exercise.

Iron bedsteads should if possible be selected, as they are less likely to harbour the enemies of repose. Insect-powder (*polvere insetticida* or *contro gli insetti*) or camphor somewhat repels their advances.

— BAEDEKER: *Northern Italy*

THE SUGAR SHORTAGE AND POLITICS

By HUBERT A. KENNY

OF ALL war-scarce foods, sugar alone remains on the ration list. Nobody wanted a sugar shortage, least of all the lobbies and Congressional blocs which are largely responsible for bringing it about. But once again in the long history of our legislative process, the majority — the American housewife, her family and the industrial user of sugar — is being seriously inconvenienced and penalized by a small but highly organized pressure group.

During the war the public took the sugar shortage in stride. But after hostilities ceased, it reasonably expected relief in this as well as other war-shortened commodities. What it got was a cut in the sugar ration rather than an increase. The housewife still clings to her tattered ration book for the sake of the small gray stamp which casts its shadow over every meal. The industrial user's production is curtailed. And complete relief is months in the future. A long-suffering majority would like to know why. Here are the facts:

The loss of the Philippines, the

failure of our own sugar beet growers to deliver, a drought in Cuba and Puerto Rico — all these contributed. At the bottom of the sorry picture, however, is a small but powerful minority — the sugar beet and cane growers constituting only 3 per cent of American farmers, the beet processors employing 10,500 workers and the seaboard refiners employing only 14,000.

We can't prevent droughts. We hope to prevent future wars. But we can — if we will — write laws to serve the majority. Yet the record in sugar legislation shows that so far we have done the reverse.

Though beets and cane are grown by so small a percentage of our farmers, the wide geographical distribution of their farms makes possible an amazingly strong political combine. Beets are grown in seventeen states, cane in two. Apparently the beet and cane growers' associations of these nineteen states have succeeded in persuading their thirty-eight senators that where sugar legislation is concerned, the growers' interests are para-

HUBERT A. KENNY has done considerable industrial research in the course of a varied career in the realms of journalism and advertising. He was purchasing agent for an aircraft company during the war.

mount. Time and again this minority — thirty-eight out of our ninety-six senators, representing only 3 per cent of the nation's farmers — has had its way in Congress. Its obstructionist political tactics have prevented government action which could have overcome the sugar shortage.

But for this pressure group, Cuba could and would have averted the present crisis. But our laws established a quota system for all producers for the U. S. market, and although the quotas were suspended during the war, our regulations still failed to encourage an adequate expansion of Cuban production. The minority interests insisted on strictly limiting the discretionary actions of the Secretary of Agriculture and the Commodity Credit Corporation, thus making proper arrangements with Cuba impossible.

II

Though beets had been successfully grown for sugar in Europe, many early attempts to introduce them to the United States had failed. In the eighties, however, a group of eastern capitalists succeeded in establishing the business, and soon thereafter Congress adopted the doctrine of tariff for protection — at the expense of the majority.

The Dingley Tariff Act of 1897 was the first of a long series. Succeeding tariff rates rose farther and farther, reaching a peak with the Hawley-Smoot Tariff of two dollars

per hundred pounds of Cuban raw sugar. This rate stood from 1930 to 1934, the depression years that carried raw sugar prices down to an all-time low of fifty-seven cents a hundred pounds. At that point, the two dollar tariff was three and a half times the price of the product — a ratio that was never "planned that way."

After World War I we suddenly relinquished controls. The Philippines, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and Cuba over-expanded production. European beet production made a surprisingly quick recovery. United States beet production increased, and prices went wild. From the all-time high in 1920, prices fell steadily for twelve years. Sugar was in a mess all over the world.

The industry cried for help, and Thomas L. Chadbourne, New York lawyer and sugar official, came to the rescue of the high-cost producers. He devised an agreement which was signed in 1931 by the United States, Cuba, Java, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Poland, Belgium and Hungary — together representing about 40 per cent of the world's sugar production. This was the first sugar cartel; it fixed export quotas for each of the signatory countries for five years.

The Chadbourne Plan halted the increase of production in the countries cooperating. But the control of only 40 per cent of world production was too small to bring the price of sugar to a point where it was universally profitable to growers and refiners. British India's performance was notable among that of the non-

signatory countries: between 1930 and 1935 she more than doubled her production, reaching 6,000,000 tons in the latter year. Supplies continued too large, prices too low for the high-cost producers.

Our growers and refiners appealed to Congress. The result was another step toward an economy of scarcity. In 1934 Congress passed the Jones-Costigan Amendment to the Agricultural Act, and the policy of limiting America's imports by quota was born. The Act required an annual estimate of U. S. sugar production and the assignment of a specific quota to each of the principal producing areas — domestic, United States insular producers, and Cuba. The rest of the world was ruled out of the United States market by prohibitive tariff rates. In addition, the Act provided benefit payments for our island and mainland cane and beet growers. Thus, to the economy of scarcity Congress added subsidy — at the consumers' expense.

But even this was not all, for in the same act the seaboard refiners of imported raw sugar stole another march. They entered what President Roosevelt later called an "unholy alliance" with the growers.

They had tried to get special protection against the imports of refined sugar in 1930, and had failed. They failed in subsequent hearings before the United States Tariff Commission. They had failed in proceedings before the AAA and the NRA. But in 1934, after lengthy discussion in Congress,

when all interested parties began to feel that any act was better than none, the refiners chose the auspicious moment, slipped in their idea of special protection, and the Act was passed. Restrictions descended on imports of refined sugar from any place outside of continental United States — Hawaii, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands and the Philippines included. It was a smart move for the refiners — at the expense of the majority. The unholy alliance later split, but the refiners developed their own lobby in the House of Representatives, and we are still saddled with a special exclusion of refined sugar.

Meanwhile, with the quota system and benefit payments established, an internal fight broke out between the various American sugar growing interests. Our beet growers in the West, the cane growers in Louisiana and Florida, in Hawaii, the Philippines, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands were at it tooth and nail for the highest quotas and the highest benefit payments they could possibly get. But Cuba, the lowest-cost producer of all, could only accept the quota she was given. It could not be increased, for our sugar interests had succeeded in writing Cuba's quota into the Act, while all other quotas were left to the discretion of the Secretary of Agriculture and hence subject to political pressure.

Cuba's quota was inexorably fixed at less than two million tons — about one-third of her potential capacity. This was the treatment we gave our

III

most important single source of sugar, whose product, except for the tariff, could be supplied to our consumers at the lowest price of all.

Here at home, and in our islands, beet and cane growers received benefit payments in 1934 and 1935 out of the taxpayers' pockets. This program was supported by a tax of half a cent per pound paid by the sugar processors — and as usual, passed on to the consumers. In January 1936, the Supreme Court ruled that tax unconstitutional. It was dropped. And so were benefit payments. But only for a year, for Congress was quick to respond to the new complaints from the growers. It passed the Sugar Act of 1937, and benefit payments were resumed. In all essentials this Act follows the pattern of the earlier one, differing only in legal form.

Benefit payments went merrily on and on — at the expense of the majority. They have also gone up and up. Beet prices, including benefit payments, were \$4.76 per ton in 1939, \$8.33 per ton in 1943, \$12.50 per ton in 1945. And in August of last year, Secretary Anderson increased the support price still another dollar, bringing the total subsidy to \$4 per ton, which guarantees the beet farmer \$13.50 per ton in 1946. And the beet growers had asked for \$15.50! Support prices for cane growers have also been increased. Who pays? The consumer majority. Who receives? The less than 3 per cent of the farmers in the United States who grow sugar beets and cane.

The sugar beet bloc's argument for this high protection and subsidy program is that beets should be fostered as farm relief until we can grow nearly 100 per cent of our sugar requirements; that acreage planted in beets will reduce the size of other crops that have been grown in excess of requirements; that self-sufficiency in sugar is necessary in time of war.

Let's look at this self-sufficiency argument. When the Philippines were lost in the first year of the war, the beet industry felt its plea was vindicated. For the beet crop had produced a record high of 1,897,000 tons of sugar in 1941 — about one-quarter of our estimated requirements. But the output dropped off 250,000 tons in 1942, the next year 400,000 tons more, and by the end of 1945 the cumulative loss was terrific. In the light of this record, the beet bloc's argument for self-sufficiency loses force. For in time of war, the large amount of heavy hand labor required by the beet crop is simply not available. In World War II we had counted on beets for nearly one-quarter of our sugar supply, and the result was a staggering let-down.

Other factors, aside from the sugar beet growers' failure to deliver, have contributed to the current shortage. We have received no sugar from the Philippines since we lost the islands early in the war. Lack of shipping, lack of fertilizer and a serious drought cut Puerto Rico's exports to the

United States by more than a million tons in the last four years. Cuba's crop was greatly reduced in 1945 by the worst drought in nearly a century.

And finally, though Cuba could have planted enough to avert our present shortage, she couldn't risk the capital to plant and cultivate the additional acreage without assurance of a sustained market for the crop. Our government, hamstrung by minority interests here at home, could not give Cuba that assurance. Cuba could not logically take the risk on her own initiative, for she had found herself with a huge unsaleable crop when U. S. controls were relinquished after World War I, and she quite reasonably anticipated a greatly reduced U. S. quota after World War II.

The quota system in sugar is obviously here to stay. And Cuba suffers or benefits by it according to the demands of her principal customer, the United States.

But her one major plea, a consideration as important to her as the size of her quota, has never been granted. That plea is for the contract or the assignment of quotas for more than one year at a time. Its importance lies in the economics of the crop. Sugar cane is expensive to plant and cultivate. It is a perennial, and must grow fifteen months before the first harvest. The cane is cut each year thereafter for a period averaging seven years, and the heavy expense of planting and cultivating must be pro-rated over those years. Hence the loss of a market for two or more years can be disastrous.

In 1944, Great Britain, fully aware of these fundamentals, signed an agreement with the Dominican Republic for sugar and other crops for the years from 1944 through 1948.

But here in America, the pressure of the senators from the seventeen beet states and two sugar cane states has never permitted the Secretary of Agriculture or the Commodity Credit Corporation to contract for more than one year at a time. Although we suspended the quota system and purchased the entire Cuban crop during the war, the sugar-state senators blocked any policy which might clear the way to a higher Cuban quota when the quota system is restored to force. And though we could buy two crops at a lower unit price than one, the sugar bloc has decreed that we must buy them one at a time — at the expense of the majority.

Thus the influence of the sugar interests on our legislation can be traced through the years. And the consumer foots the bill.

In 1937 Secretary Wallace pointed out that the cost of sugar to the American consumer was \$350,000,000 per year more than it would cost in the world market without protection.

Today the housewife not only finds that her ration is uncomfortably decreased but also that she will have to pay three cents more for her inadequate little five pound bag.

The legislation against the majority interest is a matter of record. The U. S. Sugar Administration of World War I left a record of experience; the

U. S. Tariff Commission has made exhaustive studies since 1918; the Senate Lobby Investigating Committee probed sugar activities during debate on the Hawley-Smoot Tariff; several federal agencies regularly publish pertinent statistics; documented evidence has been written into the published records of sugar hearings; a vast army of employ  es of the federal government has piled up information galore. John Q. Public has paid for it. It's there for the asking.

Yet with all these sources, our legislators constantly swallow the biased information of minority lobbies, apparently because, capsule-like, it is conveniently prepared. Why does the outrageously penalized majority remain inarticulate?

IV

The Sugar Act of 1937, automatically extended during the war emergency, terminates this coming winter — on December 31, 1946. When this act is reviewed in Congress, the beet sugar interests, the cane growers of Louisiana and Florida, the seaboard sugar refiners, our island producers and Cuba will all be ready and eager to fight for all they can get. It will be up to the consumers to insist on action, not for selfish interests, but for the people.

Yet in the face of the streamlined sugar lobby on Capitol Hill, the other agencies of the government present a picture of duplication, confusion, and contention. Practically every execu-

tive department has an interest in our sugar policies. And there are as many points of view as there are interests.

Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands — all vitally dependent on sugar — look to the Department of Interior for help.

Innumerable agencies have a finger in the Philippine situation. After three years of devastation at the hands of the Japanese, the Islands urgently need assistance. It is estimated that more than 25 per cent of their sugar mills will have to be completely rebuilt; even if they achieve nominal independence after July fourth, the Philippines will still look to us for help. The Congressional sugar bloc has been one of the leading exponents of Philippine independence — not for the benefit of the Philippines, but solely to put Philippine sugar outside the tariff wall. A bill now in the House would permit her exports to enter the United States tariff-free for eight years, but thereafter would subject them to tariffs on a gradually ascending scale. Thus the State, Treasury, Interior, Commerce, War and Navy Departments will all be interested in the Philippines.

Cuba lies across the Atlantic-Caribbean pathway to the Panama Canal, which makes her good will and co-operation important to the Department of State and the War and Navy Departments.

The Treasury has a major interest in tariffs on one side of the ledger and in benefit and support payments to our farmers on the other. Add the

claims of Agriculture and Commerce Departments to those of private interests and the resulting confusion is colossal.

Even a cursory review of the conflicting interests makes the need for some agency to resolve them obvious.

Given *carte blanche*, for example, how far would the Department of Agriculture go in granting larger and larger quotas to our high-cost beet and cane growers? How far would it go in paying higher and higher subsidies? Food subsidy payments in 1945 added up to approximately \$2,000,000,000, compared with \$650,000,000 when subsidies first became a part of the program of economic stabilization in 1943.

On the other hand, how far would the State Department go in permitting lower and lower tariffs to Cuba — or any other country?

To demand free trade, the abolition of tariffs, quotas and subsidies would obviously be asking the impossible after the long record of advantages these favors have brought to the politically entrenched minority.

What we can and must demand, however, is an impartial study to resolve the differences among the

executive departments and to submit concrete legislative recommendations guided by the interest of the majority.

The Executive Committee on Foreign Economic Policy can and should sponsor a sugar study toward this end. Created in 1944 by the President, it is composed of Assistant Secretaries and heads of divisions of the Departments of State, Treasury, Agriculture, Commerce and Labor, the U. S. Tariff Commission and the Foreign Economic Administration. In sharp contrast to Congressmen, the members of this group are free from election politics and not nearly so subject to the wiles of political pressure groups. They can be relied upon for an impartial approach in the best interests of the country as a whole. They can resolve departmental differences far better than any larger group. Their findings can form the basis for public discussion. Their recommendations to the President can point the way to legislation in the majority interest.

When Congress writes the sugar law for 1947, if policy is clear cut, if the information at its disposal is both accurate and correctly evaluated, it *can* write a law that will serve the majority — if it will.



I COULD smile when I hear the hopeful exultation of many, at the new reach of worldly science and vigor of worldly effort; as if we were again at the beginning of new days. There is thunder on the horizon, as well as dawn.

— JOHN RUSKIN

THE WILY TRADER

A Story

BY WILLIAM J. RYAN

ONE year back in the days when my world was young, I suddenly developed a Midas touch which turned a lot of miscellaneous stuff into cash.

Previous to this, I was one of the pure in heart and was content with the small things in life — such as an odd penny passed my way now and then by some kind benefactor. But one day I began wanting more of the world's wealth, and this, I found, called for daring and imagination — which I soon discovered I possessed in lavish measure, though some people said it was just plain nerve.

The *nerve* of you! Mom said.

Where do you get all your nerve, I'd like to know? Mr. Banty asked. This, I might add, was said not entirely without envy.

I fiercely resented these and other remarks. It wasn't nerve but a nicely balanced mixture of resourcefulness and clear thinking. No matter how they said it, I told myself, they really meant that I was a wily trader — and smart.

The only trouble was I got involved

in too many transactions with Mr. Banty, and when I saw that a man would even shed blood for money, well, I gave up. I thought: There's a limit to everything — I'm quitting while the quitting's good.

Right there my magic touch left me and never returned. This I now consider a good thing, the rules and regulations of society being what they are.

During the year of which I speak, Mr. Banty would come down Louisa Street, driving his wagon with a dozen brass bells strung on a line across the back. They'd *clang-clang!* and he'd cry: Rags! Papers! Bones! Any junk today?

I'd hail him and he'd climb from his seat, carrying a hand scale. It seemed this was a tricky instrument, probably the device of a born fraud, for it never admitted to more than five pounds. He'd grab my bundle with the scale hook, pretend to look at the indicator, and say: Three cents. Not a penny more!

He'd always say that, as if it was

WILLIAM J. RYAN, a graduate of the University of Newark, practiced law before joining the Navy. He is now a lieutenant attached to the Naval Air Station in Jacksonville, Florida.

final right at the start. Three cents! he'd say.

Wait a minute, Mr. Banty, I'd haggle. That's what you said last time and now I got twice as much. Nothing doing!

It's only worth *two*, he'd say. I said three because you look like you're having a tough winter and need the money for food. A lollypop, perhaps? No? A tootsie roll?

Washington pies, I'd tell him. Ten cents!

He'd lean against his horse as if I had just hit him a great blow on the forehead. Ten cents! he'd say. Is that what you said? Then he'd point his finger at me and say to his horse: This man is crazy!

Eight cents, then?

Take it away and go home, he'd say. He would act very independent and get back on his wagon. I've no time for profiteers, he'd say, sounding bitter.

You're the profiteer, I'd say to him, also sounding bitter. I'd pick up my papers and bones and walk away, acting just as independent.

I'll make it four — you need the money, he'd say.

Make it seven — *you* need the junk, I'd argue.

You're holding out for a nickel, he'd say.

Then he would pull his leather money bag from his pocket and pick out a nickel. Silver delighted me. It had more dignity than pennies. Besides, it would be the price I had been shooting for, so we would close the

deal and Mr. Banty would drive away muttering to the horse about what a hard man I was to do business with.

And I, swiftly emerging from my pristine age, I'd go racing down Louisa Street, crunching the snow in winter, kicking up clouds of dust in summer, thinking of the next chapter of *The Clutching Hand*, playing at the Royal, and wondering if I could wrangle credit for four or five Washington pies from Mr. Lagenschlager, the baker.

IT WAS this endless hunger for movies and spicy, leaden Washington pies which made me stop being one of the pure in heart to become a child of the world. There simply wasn't enough money around to satisfy my appetite. The more I got, the more I wanted. Gathering papers and bones and junk like that was a slow, hard way to raise funds—and it was unimaginative, too, which hurt my pride. I knew I was capable of more magnificent things. So I looked about and immediately came up with something on my mind.

In those days when I had something on my mind, I *did* something about it, for above all else I was a creature of action. I *had* to act fast, otherwise a multitude of new ideas would rush into my mind, pushing out the older ones, and this was very confusing.

When I got this particular idea, I wasted no time.

The difficulty was that I overestimated the market a bit. Grandpop owned a tiny fish store on Jackson

Avenue. I used to spend some of my stray moments watching him struggling with the dead fish, trying to clean them, listening to him murmuring black Irish curses. Once in a while, a customer would ask for the heads for the family cat, and I was quick to spot a business opportunity. I collected *all* the fishheads.

I went from door to door, peddling, five for a cent. My sales talk was brief and to the point, yet fairly glib.

They're five for a penny, I used to say. How many do you want?

It turned out that a lot of people didn't care if their cats ever ate. For several days I stored the excess in our cellar. But the days were warm, and the fish started to smell. A herd of cats came mewling around, looking for a handout.

Scat, you cats! I yelled. They ignored me.

I threw stones, first right-handed, then left-handed. They dodged.

I barked like a dog — a big dog — a very loud St. Bernard. They fell all over themselves getting out of there and ran like mad.

When it got so bad I could hardly walk into the cellar, I knew I had to do something. I pondered for about ten seconds. If I could freeze them stiff, they would stay that way for a long time and I could work up more orders. Some were in pretty bad shape, but I got all of them into Mom's icebox after I took everything else out.

Then I was so pleased over my stroke of genius that I went off some-

where and forgot all about them.

It didn't work out, the world and everything being the way they are. When I came back there was the same herd of cats in our backyard, munching on my fish-heads, and Mom was waiting for me. I wanted her to sit down and listen while I figured it out in black and white, showing her in terms of simple arithmetic what the financial possibilities were: so many fish-heads equals so many pennies. But she kept giving me the back of her hand and telling me what a nerve I had.

The very *nerve* of you! she said fifty or sixty times.

Also, the back of her hand fifty or sixty times.

IT WAS very discouraging. Life was suddenly empty and desolate and full of complications. I was so dispirited, in fact, that I lost money on my next deal with Mr. Banty: I closed at four cents. This, however, was only a mood which I shook off when I met a man who talked with a Scotch accent and wore a stiff straw hat with a red band.

He sold perfume. I was amazed to learn I was just the young fellow he was looking for. I had no idea anybody would go scouring the far corners of the globe searching for me, yet he said that's the way it was.

I'm sure glad you found me, I said.

So am I, my boy, so am I, he said.

He told me I, too, could sell perfume, and at a handsome profit. We ended up being partners, fifty-fifty,

and I got a box of twenty bottles of *Sweet Breath*. It was the most exciting deal I ever heard of.

I dashed all over town, a perfect dynamo of sales promotion, trying to turn perfume into dimes. But business was very slow. I couldn't figure out what was wrong with *Sweet Breath*. It smelled good, though it made me sick if I inhaled it more than three or four times a day. I was eloquent, all right, still almost every prospective customer would take a whiff, make a face, and put the cork back hurriedly. It got to be dull work tramping up one street and down another, hawking that stuff, when I should have been out in the meadows keeping young with the joys of the long days. I lost interest in the enterprise.

Then my Scotch partner came back one Saturday and was very unreasonable.

Five bottles, he said. Only five? Is that all you sold?

They don't like it, I explained. They made faces.

Sweet Breath is the best in the wurld, he said.

You don't have to tell *me*, I said. I know it is. But *they* don't. They just make faces and say, *No, thanks!*

Well, he said, suppose you give me the fifty cents to keep our accounts straight.

What fifty cents? I said.

For the bottles you sold. Five bottles at ten cents makes fifty.

Oh, that. Well, that was *my* part of the profits, I said. I didn't get to *yours*. Yours was in the last bottles.

Now, none of that! he said. Let's not have any thievery! Let's be honest with each other. Hand over that money, young fellow.

From that point on, our partnership went to smash. The more I talked, the more unreasonable he got. He couldn't seem to understand and got angrier and angrier.

His neck started to get red, and he hissed, Are you going to give it to me?

You mean the rest of the bottles? I said.

He lunged one way and I lunged another. He began to run and I ran ahead of him. The Scotsman never lived who could run as fast as the son of Irish parents. As I rounded the corner into Spring Street, running easy, knees high, he was still back at Van Buren, traveling at a dog trot. He certainly was in poor physical condition.

RIGHT then and there I made a resolution. I thought: I'll go it alone from now on — no more fooling around with partners!

So I went back to trading with Mr. Banty exclusively, and week after week that scale would stop at five pounds, no matter how much I had in my bag.

There was something wrong somewhere. I turned it over in my mind until a surge of business acumen flooded my brains, and then I was sore because it hadn't happened sooner. I experimented. The next week the scale said twelve pounds.

Mr. Banty refused to believe it.

Now what's this? he said. My scale's broke.

Oh, no it isn't, Mr. Banty, I said. I got an awful lot of papers there.

Twelve pounds? It must be broke!

It ain't, neither! Pay me full price or give me my stuff!

Now, now, don't be hasty, man, Mr. Banty said. Of course it's a big bundle — but I'm sure surprised.

He looked surprised. In fact, he looked stunned, and acted that way. I got twelve cents without an argument. He kept shaking his head and talking to the horse about the scale. I would have felt sorry for him, but I thought, Well, he started it, didn't he?

The next week I was back with another bundle. That was the day I learned the world is full of poor losers and suspicious people. Mr. Banty's disposition took a very nasty turn.

When the scale went up to ten pounds he whipped out a knife.

Hold it, Mr. Banty, I said. Let's talk this over.

Before I start on *you*, I'll just cut *this* open, he said, and he cut the cord tied around my newspapers.

I saw there was no basis for continuing our business connections, especially when Mr. Banty was armed and I wasn't. So I left. And before I reached the frosted meadows behind Hitchen's Iron Works I found out how fast I could run when I really wanted to let loose: *Like the wind!*

As for the two old shoes, the five soaking wet magazines, the broken picture frame, the cracked dinner platter, and the flat rock which were tied up in the papers, well, I don't know. Maybe Mr. Banty kept them and maybe he didn't.



Phrase Origins — 2

WATERED STOCK: This term refers to the practice of adding water to anything to increase its quantity while reducing its strength. In the field of finance, it means to add to the aggregate par value of stock or securities without making a corresponding addition to the assets. A famous story is told rather widely about the origin of the term. It may or may not be true. Daniel Drew is supposed to have sold Henry Astor a herd of cattle for beef. Just before the sale, Mr. Drew fed the cattle a large quantity of salt and then watered them. When the cattle were weighed in shortly thereafter, their weight, and consequently the amount of money paid for them, increased, but their value remained just what it had been before they were watered.

— DAVID T. ARMSTRONG

GIANNINI: SHADOW OF A DICTATOR

BY DENIS PLIMMER

If you can get away with it, split the head of anybody who calls you a Fascist!" Those words were not written when Rome was held by the Germans and the screams of anti-Fascist victims echoed from the yellow stucco Gestapo headquarters on the Via Tasso. They were written in liberated Rome in 1946. They appeared in an editorial in the most widely-read newspaper in all Italy, the controversial, neo-fascist sheet called *L'Uomo Qualunque*. Their author: the paper's editor and Italy's political mystery man, Guglielmo Giannini.

True, there were protests, official and otherwise. That particular issue of *L'Uomo Qualunque* was seized by the public prosecutor. But next week the paper came out again on schedule as it had done for more than a year. And a week later, Giannini's U.Q. Front, the biggest mass-movement in Italy since Mussolini, held its first national congress in a meeting-hall in the University of Rome. During that meeting, some zealot with, perhaps, more enthusiasm than tact, chanted "*Duce! Duce!*" from a front-row seat.

None of the thousands gathered to listen to Giannini and his cohorts moved to silence him. At other times, whole groups chanted "*Italia, Italia*" with the numbing rhythm of Fascist-trained demonstrators. Again nobody stopped them.

What was behind it all? Was Giannini's amorphous movement really a major political force in Italy? Was Professor Max Ascoli, who fled Mussolini's Italy, correct when he branded it recently as "the most advanced neo-fascist movement in Europe?" Was dictatorship really casting its long shadow once again across the Italian peninsula?

As Europe, stumbling from crisis to crisis, advanced into her first peacetime spring, one thing was clear: that the colossal battle between Right and Left was gaining in fury and was bringing to the boiling surface numberless political opportunists to whom the Continent's misery might provide a golden opportunity for self-advancement. Of these, Giannini is perhaps the most colorful and, because his country was so lately Fascist, the most

-DENIS PLIMMER, whose articles on foreign affairs have appeared in many American and British magazines, is a former foreign news editor of Time and a commentator on Station WQXR in New York.

significant. In the last few weeks, his stock has declined slightly. Nevertheless, should a leftist drive threaten to engulf the Italian peninsula, a desperate resistance from the Right would be called into being, and in its hands Giannini's neo-fascism would become a dangerous weapon.

Because of this and because he represents a dangerous European species, Giannini, more than any of the other rightist adventurers of Europe, seems worth detailed study at this time. So, what manner of man is this broad-shouldered, sandy-haired publisher of the sensational weekly, *L'Uomo Qualunque*, and the less successful daily, *Il Buon Senso*?

Less than a year and a half ago, he was an obscure journalist with an idea for a new periodical. His first issue hit the stands on December 30, 1944, edited and written by Giannini from a rented desk in a public office at 59 Via della Mercede, Rome. Today, the circulation of *L'Uomo Qualunque* is estimated at from 500,000 to 800,000. Its editor's long and officially-authenticated record as an ardent supporter of *Il Duce* and Fascism is glossed over, even by the Italian Premier, so anxious is he for the support of Giannini, who may yet influence the writing of Italy's projected new constitution. Correspondents tell us that Giannini's name is on every tongue, that his supporters (perhaps 1,500,000 of them) are secretly armed and organized, and that behind him stand some of the wealthiest men in the war-ravaged kingdom. His chief enemies are to be found in

the parties of the Left. And the parties of the Right and Center kowtow to Giannini as they once did to another journalist — Mussolini.

II

L'Uomo Qualunque means *The Common Man*. From the start, Giannini aimed his paper at Italy's common man very shrewdly by appealing to his suspicion of "professional politicians." Said he: "The world is controlled by 10,000 men. Italy before the war was ruled by ten or fifteen. In Russia, policy is dictated by ten men. All these men in every country are professional politicians. Why should we have to live under the rule of a Molotov, a Roosevelt, a Churchill, a Mussolini? I am opposed to the crystallization of power in one man or one party . . . We want no government by geniuses. We want a government of mediocrities because they are the people who work, produce, and pay taxes."

He went on to explain that what he envisaged was a government of non-political "experts." Just where these experts would come from and in what way they would be selected he left unclear, but Italy's *uomo qualunque* didn't care. Instead he rushed to the stands in Rome to buy Giannini's weekly for three lire. In other parts of Italy he cheerfully paid black market prices: 100 lire in Tuscany, 200 in Venice, 800 in Milan when Communists tried to prevent its sale.

What was the reason for the weekly's instant popularity? In the first issue,

Giannini wrote: "We did not approve of Italians prostituting and enslaving themselves to the Germans, and we do not now approve of Italians prostituting and enslaving themselves to the Anglo-Americans."

A good psychologist, Giannini knew that that attitude would win him a lot of friends among little men who didn't want to be blamed but instead wanted to be patted on the back and told that all their troubles came from those higher up. But apart from this political appeal, *L'Uomo Qualunque* started right in by providing robust belly-laughter.

The paper has four pages, each the size of the standard (not tabloid) American newspaper. Every page is broken up by cartoons, many of which are really very funny, most of which attack the government, the Allies, or the Russians. There is no spot news in the paper, so textual material falls into three major categories: (1) editorialized news-summaries, simply and wittily written, dealing both with the Italian scene and with the international scene as it relates to Italy; (2) press-service articles by foreign name-writers when their articles can be made to reinforce one of Giannini's editorial points; (3) a peppering of small items retailing gossip about individuals in the government, scandal, and near-pornography. All this makes easy reading and is cunningly designed to get across a maximum of propaganda with a minimum of thought-requiring prose.

Certain devices run through the various issues. One is to bolster Fas-

cism by contrasting measures of *Il Duce* which worked with measures of the present regime which do not. Out-right support for Fascism is adroitly avoided by slipping in occasional criticisms of Mussolini's military strategy though never of his general policy.

Another trick is to shed crocodile tears for Allied war dead and at the same time to criticize Allied wartime policies. An example: "President Roosevelt committed a crime, both against his own people and against us, when he led the United States into the war. His own people were killed needlessly in a war which was meant to end Fascism. But Fascism is still alive in Russia. And our people were prevented from bringing about a European federation which would certainly have been possible with an Axis victory." To the objection that such a federation would, in reality, have been a Nazi-Fascist dictatorship, Giannini replies mysteriously: "You must think in terms of centuries."

As *L'Uomo Qualunque's* success mushroomed, Giannini's neo-fascism became more apparent, although he was shrewd enough to say little that anyone could actually pin on him. However, sober observers, poking into Giannini's private life and his ideas, noted with increasing suspicion his growing friendliness with big land-owners and industrialists, his violent opposition to the purge, his opposition to agrarian reform, his constant attacks on the Left, and above all the swift formation of what came to be called the U.Q. Front, an organization

of about a million and a half Italians, now called *Qualunquists*, who owe allegiance to Giannini and whose bloc of votes would certainly be able to swing any election.

It all added up to a frightening new Fascism whose broadly humorous libels on democracy were much harder to discredit than the old-style theatrical bombast of Mussolini. In the midst of Italy's wretchedness, the U.Q. idea had landed like a well-placed bomb.

III

Guglielmo Giannini was born near Naples fifty-four years ago of an English mother and a Neapolitan father. His mother lives with him still. He fought in World War I. During the 1920's, he was a minor figure in the Italian entertainment industry. He boasts of having written fifty successful plays, "only six of them gangster plays." But Italian theatre people I know say that Giannini's playwriting talent was meagre.

He was also a journalist, but he dropped out of newspaper work in 1922. He tells you now that he did so because he did not wish to write for the regimented press of the Fascists. But a few years later, he was begging to be entered on the Roll of Fascist Journalists, pleading: "The undersigned is not a member of the Fascist Party, but his political conduct and his convictions are not at variance with it."

In 1926, Giannini edited a film magazine called *Kines*, and a glance at its

files reveals in his articles constant praise for the "spiritual imperialism" of Mussolini's Italy. He claims to be an avowed enemy of any kind of imperialism today.

Time and again, says a Purge Commission report, Giannini tried unsuccessfully to be admitted to the Fascist Party. He bombarded Party Secretary Achille Starace with letters such as this: "In all his journalistic activity, the undersigned has given constant proofs of comprehension and devotion to the movement created by the journalist, Benito Mussolini, and within the limits of his possibilities has done all he could to second this movement."

He hung about the bedraggled skirts of the Party, until at length he won a minor post in the overstuffed Propaganda Ministry during the 1930's. In the summer of 1940 when Mussolini's legions suddenly rolled into tottering France, Giannini let loose with diatribes against the western democracies and, in particular, with a brief but savage attack on England. The latter, a broadside called *A Grain of Pepper*, ended with these words: "England with all her fraudulently acquired wealth must be driven by the most violent war on land, sea and in the air from the strategic points from which she conducts her brigandage."

Next year, Sycophant Giannini finally achieved his goal: admission to the Fascist Party with seniority dating back to March, 1925. When you confront him with that, he replies: "Oh yes, but my membership was a tech-

nical formality. You see, after Italy entered the war, veterans of World War I and men who had been decorated were automatically inscribed on the Fascist Party rolls. That is how I came to be a member, after holding out so long."

After his admission to the Party in 1941, the next milestone in Giannini's life was the death of his twenty-two-year-old son, Mario, while a member of the Royal Italian Air Force. This added new fuel to the bereaved father's hatred for the Allies. He exploits his loss mercilessly. References to the "murdered" Mario have been woven together through the pages of *L'Uomo Qualunque* to form, as it were, the indelible trademark of the Giannini product.

He fosters the legend that he started *L'Uomo Qualunque* with no financial aid save that provided by his mother. But that seems doubtful. Rome in December 1944 was torn apart by inflation. Practically everything had its black market price. You can't start a weekly magazine on a shoestring under normal conditions. Under conditions such as those Giannini faced, it seems virtually certain that he had other backers.

He now admits that he has "several large supporters" but will not name them. Most prominently mentioned among the big backers have been the extremely wealthy Scaler brothers who made millions under Fascism by obtaining lucrative construction contracts for the Italian colonies and producing Fascist-approved films. Ac-

cused of having gotten their start by contributing two million lire to Mussolini's 1922 March on Rome, Salvatore and Michele Scaler were arrested by the Purge Commission in November 1945. They were set free a few days later, and Giannini took six columns on his own page one to convince his readers that he had had nothing to do with their release. Few believed that, however, and fewer believed his protests that the Scaleras had never helped him.

IV

A few days after *L'Uomo Qualunque's* first issue appeared, its editorial tone of hatred for the Allies aroused the Council of the Federation of the Press, which met to discuss whether to suppress the new weekly permanently. But nothing came of the meeting. Instead, *L'Uomo Qualunque* rocketed to overnight popularity. Within weeks, it topped all other Italian papers with a circulation spiralling towards half a million.

L'Uomo Qualunque had already become the journalistic sensation of Italy when, on May 16, 1945, the Purge Commission sentenced Giannini to one month's suspension from the Roll of Journalists and censured him severely for acts he had committed under Fascism. Giannini flew into a rage, and immediately redoubled his attacks on the purge.

Behind him in this policy stood all the millions of nameless petty Fascists who had strung along with Mussolini,

bartered their honor for the "bread and circuses" of totalitarianism, and were now sneaking down back alleys in mortal fear lest the purge suddenly reach out a bony hand. The financial support received from this large and frightened class was one of the secrets of *L'Uomo Qualunque's* success.

By September 1945, contributions were flooding Giannini's treasury, money from businessmen and landowners afraid of what a leftist government might do to their holdings, and from the aforementioned small-fry who trooped endlessly to his offices, not longing for a return of old-style Fascism but pathologically terrified of (a) the purge, and (b) Communism.

There was still no acknowledged U. Q. political program. A friend of mine just back from Rome said you could talk to Giannini for hours without getting flat details from him on any important subject. But he said at the same time that the man clothed his intentionally hidden ideas in such eloquent language that, in spite of yourself, you were moved by his oratory. This my friend considered the most terrifying thing about him.

All that emerged was that Giannini still intended to oust the "professional politicians." On the monarchical issue, he would neither defend the King nor attack him. Said he: "So long as the politicians are out, whether we have a king or a president is immaterial." However, two factors suggested that the cagy Giannini, while waiting to see which way the cat would jump, could still be expected to throw most

of his weight behind Victor Emmanuel. One was that his original support had come from the royalist South. The other was that his most important backers were Italy's wealthy, to whom the King still appears the only real bulwark against Communism.

By mid-autumn the political situation was volcanic. The Left was losing popularity fast, and the Liberals (remember, party labels are now meaningless in Europe) were leading the assault on the leftist Parri government. The government had promised elections for a Constitutional Assembly in the spring of 1946. So that meant that, *before spring*, the Right had to achieve power if it were to influence the Assembly and thus the shape of a future Italy.

But how could they get power? They looked to Giannini with his enormous ability to influence public thought and with his already large U.Q. Front. Units of the U.Q., cells and divisions organized on a semi-military basis, were springing up all over the country. In the South, there had actually been clashes between Qualunquists and leftists. Italy was riddled with rightist and leftist arms' caches. In the event of trouble, it looked as though U.Q. could put up a dangerous fight.

But the Liberals could not hope for Giannini's aid as long as they formed part of the government at which *L'Uomo Qualunque* was firing each week with such devastating accuracy. Best bet, then, was to abandon the coalition, let it fall, then set up a new

regime which Giannini might favor. Consequently in November, out of the government marched the Liberals, with Christian Democrats and Labor Democrats close on their heels. Parri resigned, and centrist Alcide de Gasperi was called upon to form a new government.

Still Giannini, though he may have had private commitments, did not openly ally himself with the "politicians." Instead, piecemeal, he gave the public a glimpse at his own dark dreams. In articles and interviews, here is what emerged in late November, December, and January:

His "non-political" government which was to shield the common man from wily politicians was now to be a powerfully-centralized regime of "strong men," just as Mussolini had promised a generation before. Because of their governmental experience, there was no reason why some of these strong men might not actually be ex-Fascists. Behind them would stand shadowy, armed units of the U.Q. Giannini would go about all this by electing a *majority* of the 337 members of the Constitutional Assembly on a separate U.Q. ticket in late May or early June. The ticket would be chosen at a U.Q. party congress to open on February 16, 1946. Pacing dramatically back and forth in front of his fire one night, he told newsmen that after the Assembly election, his plan was to put in power some 300-400 "administrators" who would rule Italy "for the next twenty years." By that time his new regime, which he calls mysti-

cally "The New Word," would really be in full-time operation.

Giannini did not outline clearly just how his government would run. To correspondents he said only that the "administrators" would not have total power, except over such internal matters as finance, utilities, education and health. External policies, including declarations of war, would have to be approved by a popularly-elected legislature.

With the success of the movement at home, Giannini would then have it spread to other nations of the continent, finally uniting Europe in a federation "from Andorra to Russia." Such a federation, he believes, should have a single army, police force, currency and government. The final step would be for U.Q. "to spread all over the world," knocking down old-style politicians ("those assassins of my son") like ninepins.

Everywhere you went in Italy at the end of 1945 you heard people talking about him. They discussed his frank admission, after a British government inquiry, that he was getting his huge quantity of extra newsprint from the black market, and they wondered why London (and Washington for that matter) had pursued the question no further. They talked about his mysterious backers, about the fabulous sales of his paper, about his rumored future projects.

One of the latter was revealed on December 22, 1945, when the Giannini office confirmed reports that he would invade the field of the daily newspaper

by publishing his own morning paper, *Il Buon Senso* — *Common Sense*. On December 30, 1945 — just one year to the day from the first appearance of *L'Uomo Qualunque* — *Il Buon Senso* hit the stands. It repeated its predecessor's formula of a pretence of impartiality combined with half-veiled attacks on the Left.

As 1946 began, Rome buzzed with news of one more possible expansion of Giannini's journalistic empire: a woman's weekly, *La Donna Qualunque* (*The Average Woman*), to be run by Giannini's daughter. There are, incidentally, several large semi-political women's organizations in Italy to which the Giannini machine could doubtless make a strong appeal. So far however, perhaps because *Il Buon Senso* has been a slow starter, *La Donna Qualunque* has remained under wraps.

V

Giannini's old hesitancy in revealing his political intentions is disappearing. The monarchical question suddenly appeared solved when U.Q. tied up in open alliance with several royalist parties. Giannini made a bid for the Catholic vote *en bloc* when he approved a motion at his party congress favoring Roman Catholicism as an official state religion. And he tried to split the Left by delivering a verbal attack on Italian big businessmen, many of whom have been of financial assistance to him. This latter move was a trick to win leftist votes by removing from leftist hands one of the weapons they

use against U.Q., its connection with the rich.

Guglielmo Giannini is now blossoming out with many of the physical attributes of the demagogue. To interviewers he speaks as from a platform, alternately storming and flattering. He carries a pistol in a hip-holster, and when threats on his life are mentioned, he likes to pat the weapon and say: "I am never alone." He swings a wicked, lead-filled riding crop as he walks. He usually has a bodyguard.

That he is unquestionably Fascist is a matter of cold record. But his is a new brand of Fascism. This is not, as some have said, the last gasp of a dying totalitarianism; it is the first lusty infant yell of a new political horror which could dwarf the old-style *Fascismo* in the subtlety of its cunning poison.

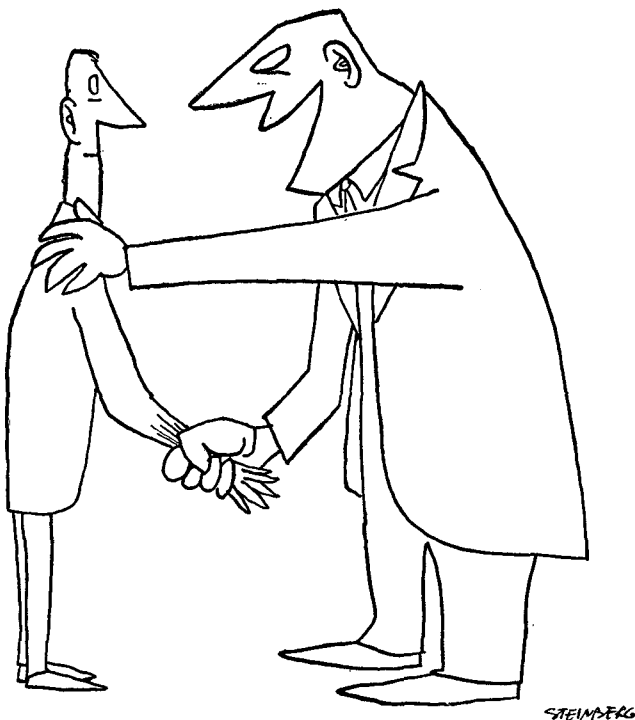
Can Giannini really elect a majority of the Assembly and thereby dictate Italy's new constitution? To that question there can be no answer until the polls themselves furnish one. Some observers, asserting that already his influence is on the ebb, point to the failure of his U.Q. congress to produce a really integrated political party, and they note that in the March municipal elections the U.Q. idea succeeded in carrying only two of its candidates to victory.

However, even the most hopeful admit that as long as Italy remains poor, hungry and friendless, the Giannini threat still exists. To the Italians, neo-fascism may still look like the only port in a very savage storm. In Italy, as just about everywhere else,

the influence of UNO is slight, and that of the schizoid Big Three almost hopelessly bankrupt. Last December when the Moscow Conference included Italy with the satellites of Hitler, Italian cheeks burned with a new, rich anger. They were legitimately infuriated that the long months they had fought the Nazis at our side were so cavalierly ignored.

There are still forty-five million

Italians in the Peninsula. Since 1941 their living costs have risen 1500 per cent. Their 1945 harvest was the worst in twenty years. They need food, clothing, fuel. But above all they need hope. If Messrs. Truman, Attlee and Stalin cannot give it to them, then they may yet follow the sandy-haired ex-Fascist with the leaded riding crop towards whatever shadowed future he plans for them.



DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

Mussels and Meanings

IT is the despair of a writing naturalist that on one major score, at least, he seems to be perpetually misunderstood. That score is the matter of the difference between intelligence (which all living organisms in one way or another, and one degree or another, possess) and the faculty of human rationality (which is the possession of our human selves).

The misunderstanding to which a naturalist who treats of these matters — as no writing naturalist can long avoid doing — is subjected, is extraordinary and persistent. It does not seem to make any difference with what agonies he labors to achieve exact definition, he will still be triumphantly accused, on the one hand, of imputing to pre-rational animality a too-human content of consciousness, and, on the other hand, of setting up between man and the rest of creation a barrier or difference which does not in fact exist. He will say, of a squirrel, that “it exhibits a nice intelligence,” and will forthwith receive an uncountable number of letters which will tell him with fury that only man possesses “intelligence” in any proper sense of that word; or perhaps, in terrified recoil from that experience, he will say that “animals

do not think and reason in our human way,” and he will forthwith receive an overwhelming tonnage of mail to tell him that All Life Is One, and that there are no gaps or jumps in nature, and that whatever goes on inside our human consciousness is a logical, nay an inevitable, evolutionary extension of what goes on inside the consciousness of a Tasmanian koala.

It is a depressing business. A writing naturalist must sometimes conclude, from his mail, that humanity divides into two classes, offering little or no hope of that bruited millennium when there shall be no war. In the one class are Exclusivists, who range all the way from Baptist fundamentalists in the very deep South to adherents, in the North, of various striking cults that hold their offices in Carnegie Hall and in esoteric back rooms of Boston. It is the doctrine of these that man is a peculiar being, divorced altogether from merely worldly connections, and in no way to be compared, upon the mental or spiritual planes, with woodchucks, chickadees, foxes, anthropoid apes, or any other “material” offspring of this earth, far less with this earth’s mere chemical operations or physiochemical combinations. In the other class, opposed to the Exclusiv-

ists as diametrically and irreconcilably as good to evil, are those who may be designated (though it does them an undue and improper honor) as the Biologists. These are those who have learned enough biology to know that between a man and a meadow-mouse there is an unseverable connection, both physical and psychical; and that is all they have learned. Just as the Exclusivists, the moment they detect an attempt to bracket man in a fellowly way with chipmunks, foxes, and the spring-flourishing calamus, raise a fearful holler that man is something altogether different from these creaturely existences, and is properly to

be treated as an earth-transcending spirit, so these biology-intoxicated objectors are wont to fulminate that any ascription to man of anything more than is ascribed to chipmunks, foxes, and calamus-plants, is a retrogression to the nature-dichotomic viewpoint of the thirteenth century and the metaphysics of Thomas Aquinas.

It is deeply discouraging. For the fact, of course, is that man's distinctively human consciousness, his intellectual rationality, is simultaneously *both* the things that these two schools each claim it to be exclusively. Throughout nature, mind does show



Fresh Water Mussel

Frank Utpatel

a development or evolution that is indeed a smooth continuum, without erratic leaping or arbitrary introductions: from the stir in the cell, to the greater complexity in the plants, to fish, reptiles, birds, mammals, and at last man. Man's mind, no less than his body, does thus have a link with his predecessors', and surely grows out of them. But it is also true that when consciousness has reached the development of self-consciousness . . . by no matter how steady and continuous a process it has been brought to that . . . it does suddenly and abruptly, in that instant, thrust its possessor into an entirely new world of being, an entirely new world of dimension, so that it becomes participant in constructs of time, space, implicated relationships and instantly-created moral values.

And so it is true that man's mind is something different from a weasel's not only quantitatively, but qualitatively. It is a thing that comes at the end of a long series of continuous anticipations; but it is a thing which, when it does come, flashes into existence as an altogether new thing under the sun. That our minds are of the earth, earthy, and are at the same time in a clear and unique sense transcendent of the merely earthly, is a kind of paradox which it may be uncomfortable to try to realize. Such is nevertheless the view to which a naturalist is compelled by the evident facts of animal life and human life. We share, with animals and indeed with all life, intelligence. But in

the fact that man not only knows, but *knows* he knows — in the instant that he graduates from being merely an intelligent agent to an agent aware of his own self as significant in agency — in that fact and that instant he takes on a psychic stature peculiar and unprecedented in the history of the world.

II

Specific illustrations are always better than pages of talk, however strenuous the effort to make the talk clear and unambiguous. Right now, in May, there is to be discovered in fresh-water ponds and pools, where it has roused up after its winter quiescence, a creature called a fresh-water mussel. Its life and habits are not vividly dramatic. But they do have this merit, that they clearly illustrate, in a creature easy to observe and copiously chronicled in scientific literature, the operation of purely animal intelligence, at a sufficiently primitive scale where it cannot possibly be confused with anything else. A mussel manages to go with a good deal of efficiency about the businesses of feeding, breeding, surviving its enemies, and the like. It possesses a certain rudimentary ingenuity in accommodating its behavior as the result of experience. That is to say, it "learns." Presumably, too, it "feels." Life stirs it and prods it and moves it, and it responds. Unmistakably, there is intelligence in a mussel. Equally unmistakably, there is not the faintest iota of that power of self-conscious rationality which

would let the mussel know that it is a mussel, or give it an inkling of *why* it does what it does, or hint to it that it is alive and operating in a world of means and ends.

A mussel is a lump of cold, sensitive flesh encased in a two-halved shell. A part of it is a fleshy "mantle;" a part of it is a tube-like siphon where-with water is passed in and out of the cavity inside the mantle-folds; a third part of it is a solitary "foot," which can be thrust out rather like a lolling tongue, between the lips of the opened shell, and by its twistings and gropings can send the mussel creeping forward through the mud. Except for those details which are of interest only to a specialist, that is just about all there is to a mussel. There is surely not even so much "consciousness" as flickers in a newborn baby while it sleeps. There is none of the drive of intention, none of the light of insight. The mussel is as one moving forever inside a dream of non-experience.

But when the spring sun touches the water-ways, the mussel rouses from its winter quiet in the bottom-mud. It rouses as a man's body rouses, while his mind still sleeps, when the morning sun falls upon his face. The mussel "knows" the operation for opening its shell. It relaxes the two great adductor muscles that connect its two shells and hold them fast together, and there is released a spring-hinge which sends the shells gaping apart. The mussel is moved to extrude its sluggish foot, like a fat, white tongue, and thus proceed to

creep about upon its mussel-errands.

Male mussels are prompted in season to discharge a sperm. Sucked through the siphon of a female, it is fertilized and her gill becomes a brood-pouch for a litter of young mussels (possibly a million or so). They remain in the parent until they have grown their first youthful shells, and they are then discharged to take up their own lives, according to such intelligence as is in them.

It is an intelligence sufficient so that, if a drop of blood or some other tidbit is introduced into the water, the mussels will excitedly respond by opening and shutting their shells, snapping and clapping. It is an intelligence sufficient so that any sudden agitation of the water (as by a potential mussel-enemy or a potential mussel-food) stirs them to a tumult of this excitement. It is an intelligence sufficient to provide them, finally, with the means of achieving their next, and most astonishing, rite in life. Snapping its shells convulsively together, the young mussel, if destined for survival, finally manages to snap them together on the body of a fish. Holding fast, the mussel embeds itself in the fish's flesh; the fish-skin grows over it; and, until it has become sufficiently mature to fend entirely for itself, the mussel spends some weeks in the security of an efficient parasitism.

Such is the intelligence of mussels: a sensory awareness, and a motor responsiveness, so fitted to the facts and needs of its circumstances that the

result of its sensori-motor behavior is usually to achieve its survival. That it is a true intelligence is indicated by experiments showing that a mussel can "learn." It can be taught, though laboriously, to alter an unrewarding behavior. It can learn, in its dim and rudimentary way, to make "associations." It cannot go very far along that road, to be sure, for it is, after all, only a mussel. But the road is the road that leads on up through all the gradations of animal intelligence, from mussels to monkeys.

With the appearance of man, all the long growth of learnings and associations and widening intelligence suddenly attains a point at which the merely active self suddenly *sees* itself. That moment is the coming of reason. In that moment, the life of being becomes a wholly new kind of life: a life of realizing, a thing of aware action and purposes far seen. It occurs at the end of a long process, yes; but it is as sudden and different a thing as when, from the coming together of two flints, there bursts the element of fire.



AND SO THE DREAM

BY MAE WINKLER GOODMAN

AND so the dream has ended, as all dreams
 Draw to a close upon the rim of dawn;
 It leaves no trace, no evanescent gleams
 To point the secret way that it has gone.
 Another dream has vanished, and I wake,
 Bewildered by the light, afraid to stir
 For fear its fragile memory should break,
 Its crystal fragments shatter on the floor.

What is a dream that I cannot escape
 Its beauty, yet am haunted by its sorrow?
 Or can it be that its elusive shape
 Outlines the past, and traces our tomorrow?
 A past that long preceded even breath —
 A future that begins, perhaps, with death. . . .

OPPRESSION IN THE SUDETENLAND

By F. A. VOIGHT

*The dark places of the earth are full
of the habitations of cruelty.*

—SEVENTY-FOURTH PSALM

THERE was a time when injustice done to one man could shake a whole nation. Injustice done to the lowly is greater than injustice done to the exalted. When the injustice done to Dreyfus was challenged, the challenge was the more memorable because Dreyfus was lowly. Such an event was possible only in the Europe that was. It is no longer possible in the Europe that is.

Not only has the late enemy lost the war, Europe has lost the war. The Greco-Roman and Christian heritage and the Rule of Law — these are Europe. And in the furnace of the Second World War these have been more than half consumed. That is why there is less commotion over wrong done to many millions of men, women and children than there was over wrong done to one man. And let none say, by way of excuse or palliation, that the wrong done today arises out of the necessities of war, for that is not true — it arises out of the na-

ture of the peace in which we now must live. The wrong has been and is being done this time not by war-makers but by peace-makers.

There are many who ask themselves *What can we do?* and find no answer amid the perplexities of the hour beneath the oppressive miasma of lofty utterance, risen from assemblies and conferences and, as it were, gathered in the upper atmosphere, that makes *the dark places of the earth* seem still darker.

The question *What can we do?* has many answers, and whoever gives an answer may do so according to his knowledge, his capacity, and his station. But one answer, at least, is possible to the humblest: to bear witness. To bear witness, to give evidence, to communicate truthfully, to place on record — this is being done by many thousands of men in the forces who, in their letters home from overseas, or in what they have to say when they return home, are doing more than the press and the radio to promote an enlightened public opinion. It is the duty of all who can do so, whether in print, in their

F. A. VOIGHT is editor of *Nineteenth Century and After*, of London, England. He has written extensively on European politics.

letters, or in their talk, to withstand or rectify in however restricted a manner the cumulative falsification of history perpetrated by the principal media of publicity in our time.

Some day, we are convinced, Europe will again be Europe, will reaffirm the classical and religious heritage and re-establish the Rule of Law. But not through those movements, forces, organizations and institutions which presume to create a better world. Little or nothing said in the daily press or radio or by governments or in the councils of the United Nations has any relevance to the underlying reality, to those stirrings and intimations that are the secret beginnings of a European rebirth.

What passes for reconstruction is but disintegration and what is represented as progress is mainly reaction. But some day disintegration and reaction will be challenged by the European spirit which will have been twice purged and hardened — by the German eruption and the Russian irruption. And it may be that the coming of that day will be announced to an astonished, incredulous world by an uncompromising challenge, a challenge to all Europe because injustice has been done to one man. But as long as that day is impossible, Europe is impossible.

They are not good Europeans or Americans who regard as remote or alien any part of Europe. Europe is our larger homeland, and all that is done within these confines is the concern of all. The loss of any member is

a mutilation of a living organism. If now it is not felt as such, it is because the organism is sick and numbed. The time will come when the loss will be felt as such. And this will be a sign of a revival and a re-awakening.

II

A wrong is being done to-day in the heart of Europe, a reflex or imitation, as it were, and terrible in its intensity, of wrong done by the Germans. The latter wrong is in no way justified by the former, not even as one of those retributory wrongs which may have a certain *wild justice*,¹ and are commonly condoned as *natural* or *understandable*. We are referring to the expulsions and persecution of the Sudetenlanders by the Czechs.

Those who have not learned that the moral law cannot be violated with impunity have much to learn. The violation of the moral law in the heart of Europe may be concealed from the public, but the consequences will be such that concealment will be impossible. What is not known today will make itself grievously known some day.

The injustice done is all the more heinous because, in its place, justice could have been done. It could have been punishment setting a term to wrong instead of a monstrous reflex adding wrong to wrong.

¹ "Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more men's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out" (Bacon: *Of Revenge*).

Certain Sudetenlanders, led by Konrad Henlein (who has since taken his own life), took part in the German conspiracy against Europe and, gathering behind them a vast following, connived in preparing and waging the Second World War, against their own country, Czechoslovakia, first, and then against Europe. For this they could have been tried under the laws of their own country without causing any of those misgivings with which the proceedings at Nuremberg disturb the minds of jurists today, misgivings lest the maxim *nulla poena sine lege* has been insufficiently respected. If the leaders had been punished, even by death, their accomplices by imprisonment, and, if by an act of state, their principal local following had been banished from the Czechoslovak Republic, no one could in fairness have said that justice had not been done. But what has been, and is still being done, is a pitiless mimicry of German wrong and a rapacious spoliation, falling far more grievously upon the innocent than upon the guilty, outrage so malignant, crooked and perverse that it must be condemned, even by those to whom the moral law means little or nothing, as inexpedient and impolitic to the point of lunacy.

It has been, and is being, said that the Sudeten Germans, as the three and a half million Austrian inhabitants of the Czechoslovak Republic are called, are collectively guilty and that there is nothing to be done except to expel them all from the Republic — and

that the same must be done, and is being done, to the Hungarian population, numbering about half a million. This contention must be rejected on abundant evidence, particularly by the evidence provided by the uncontested authority of one of the leading opponents of Konrad Henlein and his fellow conspirators, by one of the principal exponents of Czechoslovak policies and aspirations, a close associate of the President of the Czechoslovak Republic, now, as in the critical days of 1938, a member of the Czechoslovak State Council, when it was in exile, and today Minister of Foreign Trade. We refer to Dr. Hubert Ripka, who admits no doubt that guilt cannot be fastened upon the Sudetenlanders as a whole, that there was at least a powerful minority which, amid great dangers and extreme perplexity, remained loyal to the Republic.

In his book, *Munich Before and After*, Dr. Ripka writes:

... the revolt [instigated by the Reich in September, 1938] . . . received no active support from the majority of the Sudeten Germans. This is surely proof — lamentable, because it led to the loss of seventy human lives, most of them Czechs who had been attacked — that the majority of the Sudeten Germans were not in sympathy with revolutionary National Socialism. . . . One cannot overstress the fact that the demand for union with the Reich was no spontaneous expression of the desire of the majority of the Sudeten German people. This demand was imposed upon the Sudeten Germans by a minority of Pan-German extremists among them, who were working in close

collaboration with and following the instructions of Hitler's political General Staff. This was revealed by the passivity of the greater part of the Sudeten Germans during the days of the revolt. As soon, moreover, as the revolt had been completely suppressed, it came in for criticism by important members of the Sudeten German party.

Dr. Ripka also quotes the manifesto addressed by the Executive of the [Sudeten] German Democratic Youth Movement to Dr. Beneš on September 27, 1938, when a general mobilization of the Czechoslovak armed forces had been ordered:

The mobilization has incorporated thousands of young enthusiastic [Sudeten] Germans in our [Czechoslovak] army, and thousands more are waiting for a sign from you to take up arms if need should arise. . . . As young Sudeten Germans, we want to prevent our life in the future from having to be spent in mental and social slavery such as German Fascism tries to impose on our nation. . . . The [Sudeten] German youth of all parties and all opinions is well aware of its obligations, and is united in firm determination to defend Czechoslovakia against external enemies as well as against their agents within our state.

Dr. Ripka comments:

The mobilization proved that we could rely on a great part of the Sudeten-German people and that the subversive Nazi Henleinist demagoguery really only affected the unripe youth.

III

According to the Agreement signed at Potsdam on August 2, 1945, the Sudeten Germans, that is to say, the Austrians of the Sudetenland (or the

Sudetenlanders, as we prefer to call them), numbering 3,200,000, are to be transferred from Czechoslovakia to Germany. It would seem that more than a million have been transferred to Germany and to Austria. As the transfer meant complete destitution — for the victims were evicted from their homes and robbed of all their property (except what they could carry themselves — and they were usually robbed of this as well, of their money, their rings, and so on), as it meant exile in a land where they are as aliens (for their ancestors came to what is now Czechoslovakia centuries ago), a land that is, even now, disastrously overpopulated by the arrival of many millions of men, women and children from east of the Oder as well as from Czechoslovakia, they dreaded what they deemed the greatest disaster that could happen, all the more so as it was accompanied by cruel blows, robberies and hardships (so that many perished on the roads). But now those who have not yet left have come to apprehend an even greater disaster — namely, not to leave. And to-day there is amongst the two million or so who are still to leave (by the end of the present year apparently) one great desire that is shared by all save a few — to leave quickly, so unendurable has their lot under Czech domination become, a lot comparable with that of the Jews in Germany during the first few years of National Socialist despotism.

Information from the Sudetenland is slow in coming, for it comes by

devious ways, but it is abundant. From this abundance we select the following extracts from personal, and altogether trustworthy, reports to characterize the nature and the methods of the terrorism perpetrated during a certain period — and to give some indication of what is being done in the heart of Europe.

According to a report from Saaz, in the Sudetenland, dated October 18, 1945, and relating to events in June, all males aged from thirteen to sixty-five were ordered to assemble in the market place (*Ringplatz*). Those amongst them who were Sudeten "Germans" were driven into a cavalry barracks in a neighboring town and kept there for nine days:

What we had to endure physically and spiritually in the barracks cannot be described in words . . . Floggings went on until the tortured victims lost consciousness and collapsed. Others had to lie down naked on the ground — and were subjected to unspeakable torments — The screaming of these people made us tremble all over. Children and men were shot down without discrimination. Hundreds of men were pressed together in small rooms which were tightly closed, so that symptoms of asphyxiation appeared in a few hours. The hearts of many stopped beating, others lost their reason and were shot down. Unconscious men lay in heaps on the floor. . . .

Half starved, broken in body and soul, on the ninth day we staggered back to our home town. Those whose strength gave out on the way were lost — a bullet in the back of his neck [*Genickschuss*] put an end to his life. . . .

But instead of returning to their homes, the hapless Sudetenlanders

were sent to a concentration camp.

According to another report — the name of the author is in our possession (he is a man with a fine record as a patriot, from the Czechoslovak point of view, and as an opponent of National Socialism), but we cannot reveal the name as he is in Czechoslovakia still — the camp near Maltheuern, in the district of Brüx, held Sudeten "Germans" who had been conscripted for service in the German Army and had come back to the Sudetenland after the surrender. Each man, on arrival at this camp, was beaten. Each one was then registered as a member of the S.S., regardless of whether he had been for or against National Socialism. These were often whipped, had long hours of work, and little to eat — their appearance was "pitiable." An Englishman visited this camp about the middle of September. The prisoners were asked if any one of them could speak English. A man named Maier said he could. The Czech guards, in uniform, who escorted him into the Englishman's presence, poked him in the ribs and told him it would be unfortunate if he were to say anything derogatory about the camp. So he told the Englishman that there was nothing to complain of. The inmates of the camp were deeply disappointed, for they had hoped that a truthful report, by an English observer, of their condition might bring about some improvement.

A witness, Alfred Kittner, who spent a week visiting Asch, Eger and

Falkenan states, in a report dated September 10, 1945, that the Sudetenlanders complained unanimously of unprecedented terrorism. They were forbidden, by the Czech authorities, to use busses and railways, they had, for eleven weeks, been refused their rations of meat and eggs, they were not allowed to enter restaurants, and were forbidden to eat fruit. A Roman Catholic priest, named Schreier, was eating an apple in the park at Franzensbad. He was seen doing so by a Czech who threatened to knock the apple out of his hands.

A witness, in a report dated August 12, tells of the excesses committed by the Czechs at Pilsen. Many arrests were made in the town of Asch, our witness amongst them. He was taken to a cellar in which numerous prisoners stood facing the walls. Throughout the night, until six o'clock in the morning, they had to raise their arms, and keep them raised, for a quarter of an hour, and were then ordered to lower them, for another quarter of an hour, and so on. Those who lowered their hands for weariness were struck in the back with the butts of rifles. At eight o'clock in the morning the prisoners were taken to Eger, and from Eger to Pilsen, where they were lodged in the prison known as the Bory. Their guards then fell upon them, and beat them with truncheons, whips, bits of cable, belts, and so on. Then they had to stand facing the walls, their arms stretched upwards, for two and a half hours. Whoever lowered his arms was beaten.

They were then taken singly into an office where all their belongings, even their marriage rings, were removed. They reassembled in the corridor and were made to run, under blows, up the stairs to the second story. Some of them seemed half dead when they reached the landing. Several prisoners — whose names are in our possession — had to strip and were laid across a specially prepared bench and flogged. "Even today," this witness relates, "I can hear the screams of pain uttered by these victims of inhuman hatred, and see the yellow, pain-distorted faces."

The prisoners were then left to themselves in two rooms. Seven attempted to commit suicide. After several days each prisoner received a printed card, in the Czech language, certifying that he was alive and well, and was ordered to sign it. After a few days, twenty-four of the prisoners were taken down into the cellar, where there was a kind of trestle, seven or eight feet long and four or five feet broad. Near one end were two holes, into which the victim's arms were thrust. The prisoners were laid upon this trestle in turn, with bared backs, and flogged by six men. Then the trestle was tipped up to throw the victim on the floor, usually in an unconscious condition. Out witness relates:

I was the eighteenth man [to be flogged] and lost consciousness when the flogging was about halfway through. Suddenly I lay in a wonderful meadow, full of white flowers which seemed curiously stylized.

All pain had vanished; indeed I felt as light as though I were flying. But suddenly the terrible pain returned, for the brutes had thrown me down from the trestle and began beating me anew. Then they drove me, half clothed, into a long corridor, where they gave me more beatings. A terrible blow on the back of my head threw me to the ground. I had great difficulty in rising again.

Four of the twenty-four victims died of these injuries. One of these was an engineer, Rudolf Singer. He attempted suicide by opening an artery with a razor blade, but his fellow-prisoners saved him by tying up his wrist with a handkerchief. At a roll-call Singer was too weak to get

up when his name was called, whereupon one of the guards gave him several violent kicks that struck his chest. He became completely apathetic and lingered on for several days.

He had been chosen on April 20, 1945, as an emissary by the American forces which were preparing to bomb and bombard the town of Asch, which the Germans had intended to hold in all circumstances. Thanks, it would appear, to Singer's negotiations, the town surrendered without a fight.

Another of the four who died of his injuries was Karl Zettelmeissel. He was a discharged soldier, having lost a leg in the war.



Youth's Immortality —

When a man is young and his constitution and body have not acquired firmness, i.e., before he has arrived at middle age, he is not an assured inhabitant of the earth, and his compensation is that he is not quite earthy, there is something particularly tender and divine about him. His sentiments and his weakness, nay, his very sickness and the greater uncertainty of his fate, seem to ally him to a noble race of beings, to whom he in part belongs, or with whom he is in communication. The young man is a demigod; the grown man, alas! is commonly a mere mortal. He is but half here, he knows not the men of this world, the powers that be. They know him not. Prompted by the reminiscence of that other sphere from which he so lately arrived, his actions are unintelligible to his seniors. He bathes in light. He is interesting as a stranger from another sphere. He really thinks and talks about a larger sphere of existence than this world. It takes him forty years to accommodate himself to the carapax of this world. This is the age of poetry. Afterward he may be the president of a bank, and go the way of all flesh. But a man of settled views, whose thoughts are few and hardened like his bones, is truly mortal, and his only resource is to say his prayers.

— HENRY DAVID THOREAU: *Journal*

THE LIBRARY

The Faith of a Liberal

BY GRANVILLE HICKS

IN AN article that appeared in the *New Republic* back in 1930, Sidney Hook described Morris Cohen as "the critical conscience of all intellectual effort in America." Reading the essays in *The Faith of a Liberal*,¹ one sees exactly what Hook meant. Cohen has not founded a school of philosophy, nor has he had the popular reputation of a John Dewey or a Bertrand Russell. Yet his influence has been constant and widespread. He has been Morris Cohen, a mind that could not be taken in.

The earliest of the essays he has chosen to preserve was published as an editorial in the *New Republic* for June 12, 1915, on the occasion of the seven hundredth anniversary of the signing of Magna Charta. It points out that "the granting of Magna Charta was in no sense the result of a popular movement, but was entirely due to a small group of powerful nobles bent on their own selfish interests." "This truth," the essay concludes, "does not, of course, altogether dispose of

the importance of Magna Charta. Doubtless the tradition that Magna Charta did in some way protect the people's rights had great importance in English political development. Modern science, however, sees no reason why present-day political controversies should be fought with the fantastic weapons of legendary history."

Thus, more than thirty years ago, Dr. Cohen struck certain notes that, as this volume demonstrates, he has sounded again and again. Whether he writes on law or literature, baseball or big business, economics or education, he quietly suggests that the search for truth ought to be our primary concern. He knows as well as anyone that myths have their importance in human affairs, but he continues to insist that reason, with all its limitations, is the best guide we have in our efforts to discover the good life.

Thirty years is a long time as American intellectual history goes, and certain of Dr. Cohen's essays remind us of controversies that shook the intelligentsia in days that now

¹ §3-75. Holt.

GRANVILLE HICKS, author, critic, and formerly professor of English, has written several critical and biographical volumes, as well as a novel, *Only One Storm*.

seem veiled by the mists of antiquity. There is, for example, a shrewd piece on the fight between the impressionists and the authoritarians in literary criticism, and there is an essay on humanism. One looks back and thinks of the persons who were swept off their feet, and one notes with appreciation how steadily Cohen has kept on his way. Yet his mind has never been closed: he has been quite willing to examine each new idea and each old idea in new garb. He has been interested in all causes, but he has sacrificed his critical judgment to none.

Dr. Cohen would quickly deny that his mind was fully formed in 1915—or, for that matter, in 1946. By 1915, however, he had taken his direction. By that time he was thirty-five years old, had lived in the United States for twenty-three years, had taken his doctor's degree at Harvard, had taught mathematics, and had become professor of philosophy at the College of the City of New York. He was "philosophically a stray dog, unchained to any metaphysical kennel," but if he had refused to commit himself to a school, he had adopted an attitude. That attitude may have been modified in the following years, but it has not been changed in any of its fundamentals.

Dr. Cohen's book, therefore, may be regarded as the record of an experiment. How did his kind of liberalism work between 1915 and 1945? The chief sin of American intellectuals is not that they have gone whoring after the bitch goddess and other false

deities but that they have been so easily satisfied with half-gods and half-truths. When some of us turned to communism, for example, in the thirties, we were not wrong in our estimate of the evils of capitalism, nor was our zeal for a better social order contemptible. Our mistake was made because our minds could operate critically in only one direction at a time. Today certain intellectuals are making the same kind of error for the same reason. That is, having perceived how ubiquitous the threat of totalitarianism is, they have rushed back to embrace the myth of free enterprise and the fairyland economics of *laissez-faire*. Others see no defense against the tyranny of the state but the authority of the church. The trouble with both groups is that they cannot simultaneously contemplate the dangers of governmental power and the dangers of business power or ecclesiastical power.

II

Dr. Cohen's record speaks for itself. "Like many others who are not Communists," he wrote in 1934, "I hold no brief for the injustices and stupidities of the present capitalist regime. Indeed, I have never ceased to be grateful for the illumination on historic and contemporary social issues which I found in studying *Das Kapital*. It prepared me to see that the present general breakdown of capitalist economy is not an unforeseeable accident but a consequence of the private ownership of the means of production.

whereby the processes of industry are directed for the profit of individual capitalists rather than for the satisfaction of our common needs." But he did not forget that "the opposite of a false view may be every whit as false." Marx had given him insight into economic processes, but he did not therefore assume that everything Marx had written was gospel truth. He quarreled with the Marxist theory of history, and he looked critically at the actual operations of communism. The point is not that Cohen was against communism in 1934; so were millions of other people. The point is that he could oppose communism without defending capitalism and could ask the right questions at the right time in the right tone of calm skepticism.

He was not tempted by the rush to communism in the thirties; he cannot be moved by the various types of more or less hysterical reaction that are common today. He had dealt thoroughly with the fallacies of the Manchester School of economics before Hayek was heard of by professional economists, to say nothing of subscribers to the *Reader's Digest*, and he knows how to treat old errors when they appear in new forms. He is equally incapable of assuming that the only way to maintain the integrity of the individual against the state is to embrace a series of dogmas for which no rational justification can be found. Doubtless he is grateful to those churchmen who have defended the value of the individual person against

the totalitarian dogma of absolute state supremacy, but, as his remarkable essay on "The Dark Side of Religion" shows, the church is no more immune from his skeptical inquiry than is the Communist Party or the National Association of Manufacturers. The only enduring individualism, he believes, must be based on the employment of reason. There is no question for him of "natural inalienable rights," but a practical problem of human welfare, which can be solved only by observation and experiment.

Liberalism is a slippery word, but Cohen knows exactly what he means by it, and he does not intend to be bullied because other persons have misused the term. "The Communist criticism of liberalism," he writes, "seems to me altogether base and worthless. One would suppose from it that liberalism is a peculiar excrescence of capitalism. This is, however, not true. The essence of liberalism — freedom of thought and inquiry, freedom of discussion and criticism — is not the invention of the capitalist system. It is rather the mother of Greek and modern science, without which our present industrial order and the labor movement would be impossible." He would grant, I take it, that the rise of capitalism created a situation that was in some respects favorable to liberalism in his sense of the term, but it did not create liberalism, and much of what passed as liberalism in the heyday of the capitalist system was, from his point of view,

unworthy of the name. A liberalism whose touchstone is the freedom to make a profit has no appeal to him.

Equally unacceptable are various attitudes of mind that flatter themselves by the adoption of the term. Cohen has no use for "those mushy-minded persons who, rather than make a definite choice between Heaven and Hell, cheerfully hope to combine the best features of each." One may be sure that he would repudiate as indignantly the totalitarian liberal, that amazing phenomenon of our confused times. Sometimes, of course, the totalitarian liberal is quite consciously putting on sheep's clothing, but this disguise would scarcely be effective were it not for the fact that many persons do support totalitarian measures out of what seem to them to be liberal motives. A large component in the garden variety of liberalism has always been vague good will, a sentimental desire to be on the side of the angels. The sentimental liberal is incapable of analyzing the means he employs, and he is invariably surprised when things do not turn out as he had expected. In ordinary times romantic humanitarianism may do little damage, but in a period of shifting values it can become a force for evil. To defend suppression of freedom of thought and speech in the name of liberalism would once have seemed outrageous hypocrisy or ridiculous paradox, but in our bewildered world it happens every day.

It seems easier to say what Cohen's liberalism is not than what it is, and

that is natural, for the very first of his freedoms is the freedom to criticize. Yet liberalism is much more to him than the right to pick flaws in other people's ideas. "For my part," he writes, "I prefer to think of the liberal temper as, above all, a faith in enlightenment, a faith in a process rather than in a set of doctrines, a faith instilled with pride in the achievements of the human mind, and yet colored with a deep humility before the vision of a world so much larger than our human hopes and thoughts." His liberalism does not include, as nineteenth century liberalism so often did, belief in the inevitability of progress:

"In human history there are ups and downs. There are periods of flowering and periods of decay. There is no use, it seems to me, in thinking that any one movement of history, or of human life, will continue forever."

"At certain points in world history," he observes, "liberal civilization has flowered: in shifting parts of Western Europe and America since the Renaissance, in China in the age of Confucius, in Egypt in the Alexandrian period, in India in the period of the rise of Buddhism, and again in the period of Akbar and the Mongol Emperors, but above all, and most brilliantly, in Greece during the age of Pericles. But these periods are, typically, preceded and superseded by ages of immobility or retrogression." Today, he feels, liberalism is waning. A particular form of liberalism, which flourished in America because of geo-

graphical and historical conditions, is dying or dead, and we do not know whether any kind of liberalism will take its place. But it seems to him as wrong to abandon the struggle for liberal civilization as it would be to give up the attempt to lead the good life.

III

One obvious value of Cohen's liberalism is the critical authority it gives him. When he speaks, one knows that he is trying to tell the truth, not worrying about the effect of his words on this policy or that. We have too little of that kind of criticism today, when so many professed liberals are in fact amateur politicians. Politicians, who are concerned with what is expedient, not with what is true, have their uses in this world, but when the standards of politics are applied to so-called liberal journalism, the intellectual life is degraded. When one has eliminated the truths that might injure the morale of "our" side and the truths that might give comfort to the enemy, one is left with something that amounts to falsehood.

Dr. Cohen has an answer to those who point out that the time is short and the crisis urgent. "How many issues have arisen in our own generation which were supposed to be so critical that a wrong response would condemn us to unending suffering and a correct response would bring us a heaven on earth! And how often these issues have been resolved or forgotten

without bringing the blessings or the tragedies that were anticipated by both parties to the dispute!" It is a good answer, but is it good enough? Our generation has seen more than one situation in which a wrong response has brought plenty of suffering, and even if a correct response would not have been a passport to paradise, it might have saved incalculable agony. One can very fairly ask whether liberalism is adequate to our present predicaments. Do we need men who will calmly think things over, or do we need Tom Paines and William Lloyd Garrisons, men who will not compromise and who will be heard?

It is not easy to say which way is right. Fortunately, however, though one has to choose between liberalism and radicalism for oneself, one does not have to choose for the world, for there will always be liberals and radicals, and they will play their respective roles for good or evil. For myself, having taken a radical position for a period of years, and having done, as I now feel, some good but more harm, I propose to leave intransigence to other people. When, for instance, Cohen says that individualism and collectivism should be regarded not as fighting faiths but as working hypotheses, I can only agree. I know as well as my radical friends that individuals in power — in this instance the great financiers — may not be so reasonable, and if it should come to a showdown, I would have to take sides, but I think a showdown is to be avoided

rather than precipitated, and I believe that one can take sides without losing one's critical judgment.

Perhaps the greatest danger in Cohen's liberalism is the danger inherent in all rationalist philosophies, the danger of smugness. If a man devotes himself for as long as Dr. Cohen has to the examination of fallacies and absurdities, he is likely to feel that he is set apart from ordinary humanity. I would not say that Cohen completely escapes this fault, but he is remarkably free from it. There are two antidotes to the rationalist sense of superiority: one is a lively and sympathetic interest in human beings as such; the other is a recognition of the limitations of the species. Dr. Cohen is not indifferent to his fellow human beings, but his vocation, after all, is for aloofness. On the other hand, no one could have a deeper awareness of human limitations. "The central fact," he writes, "to which, it seems to me, prevailing creeds refuse to accord sufficiently serious attention is the obvious impossibility of attaining omniscience." Nor is his humility merely a matter of logic; at times it approaches the tragic sentiment one finds in the great poets and musicians. It is characteristic that Cohen speaks of the "faith" of a liberal, though he adds that those who dislike the word "may fairly define liberalism as a rationalism that is rational enough to envisage the limitations of mere reasoning."

I have touched on but few of the subjects with which Dr. Cohen's essays deal. I have not mentioned his

discussions of the law or the several papers on education, nor have I done justice to his articles on science and philosophy. "Cohen's learning," wrote Sidney Hook, "is both the amazement and despair of all who know him." It is not his erudition that concerns us, however, so much as his wisdom. For thirty years and more he has been part of the world's intellectual life, and here in this book is a record of some of his contacts with people and books and ideas and things. The record is a monument to his integrity and a powerful argument for the validity of his liberalism.

Dr. Cohen is not optimistic about the future of liberalism in America, and he has little reason to be. In ordinary times, as he observes, human inertia saves the race from a good deal of folly, and as the opposing fanatics wear each other out, the voice of reason gets a chance to be heard; but today people are panicky, and those who offer a quick and easy path to salvation can win a following. Yet there is some tiny hope for the survival of critical liberalism. History moves so fast that the wonderful new formulas quickly reveal their shortcomings. Those who promise to save us from totalitarianism are themselves exposed as totalitarians by the next quick turn of history. The discovery that there is no shortcut to salvation paralyzes some people, but others grit their teeth and set out on the longer, harder road. All such will be deeply encouraged by this account of the pilgrimage of Morris Cohen.

THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 517)

peasant family in his native island of Luzon, in the Philippines. But his dreams were always of America. At thirteen, following in the footsteps of two older brothers, he arrived in Seattle with a boatload of fellow Filipinos. There, for an unpaid hotel bill, a rooming house proprietor promptly sold him to an Alaskan labor contractor. Shortly thereafter he began his wanderings up and down the West Coast as a migratory agricultural worker. Segregated and discriminated against by white farmers who, though dependent on cheap Filipino labor during harvest season, had no use for "monkeys" once the crops were in, he was welcome only in cheap brothels, pool-rooms and Chinese gambling houses. Yet through all these degrading years, Bulosan held fast to the belief that the America he sought was still to be found; he tried to "understand the many imperfections of democracy and the malignant disease [of race discrimination] corroding its very heart." Mr. Bulosan's autobiography is his testament to this belief and his hard-won understanding.

CHARLES DICKENS, by Una Pope-Hennessy. \$4.00. *Howell, Soskin*. This biography is perhaps the most comprehensive one to appear since John Forster's, published in 1872; and as such, will be eagerly read by Dickens' fans. Mrs. Pope-Hennessy has done a monumental job of research, but her uncritical approach to the subject and her dull style detract a great deal from her narrative.

MY FATHER WHO IS ON EARTH, by John Lloyd Wright. \$3.50. *Putnam*. This is a "biography" of Frank Lloyd Wright, the celebrated architect, by his son. It is so disjointed, so rhapsodic, so dreadfully written, and in such poor taste that it is almost incredible. Exhibit A: "After he left home Dad said he was not suited to be a father — never wanted to be a father — didn't feel right in fatherhood. He didn't say we weren't his children, but referred to us as 'their

mother's children.' " Exhibit B, of the father's relationship with "Miriam:" "While she was with him, or he with her, or married to him, or he to her, Dad was so dominated, seduced, coerced, chastised, conscripted, over-ridden and bashawed that at times he wasn't even any man."

A WALL TO PAINT ON, by Ione Robinson. \$3.75. *Dutton*. This is the story, told in a series of letters, of Miss Robinson's struggle to establish herself as an artist, of her travels, and of her friendships with many well-known personalities of the art and literary world between 1927 and 1939. Miss Robinson's work has attained a certain recognition — she won a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1931, and her drawings have been exhibited in New York, on the West Coast, and, at the invitation of the Mexican government, in Mexico City. But as an autobiographer she has little talent, and at times her "profundities" make embarrassing reading.

FICTION

THE BEST OF SCIENCE FICTION, ed. by Groff Conklin. \$3.00. *Crown*. When one of its fondest prophecies — the release of atomic energy — came true, the specialized literature of pseudo-science took on a dubious prestige which made it fair game for the anthologists. This volume draws heavily from the output of the last five years, but it is representative of all the types of science fiction. The selections range from straight "pulp" adventure with scientific furbishings to highly polished, philosophical stories. Although some of the old favorites are missing, Mr. Conklin has compiled an attractive and entertaining book.

YEOMAN'S PROGRESS, by Douglas Reed. \$2.75. *Bobbs-Merrill*. A diminutive saga of the growth and adventures of a talented, bitter English lad in the first half of the twentieth century. Crammed into 300 pages, the story is so

swift that it becomes fragmentary and superficial, but it's still an exciting yarn. Mr. Reed has a malicious wit that comes off better than his gloomy judgments on modern civilization.

I LOVE MISS TILLI BEAN, by Ilka Chase. \$2.50. *Doubleday*. A perfectly incredible novel of a Quaker girl from New Jersey who is brought up in Italy and becomes a famous dress designer. She is successful in business, but a complete failure in her love affairs. Her first fiancé kills himself because he is impotent; her marriage founders because her husband is both a stuffed-shirt and a fascist, but there is a promise of happiness to come with an artist who has been married to a dipsomaniac-nymphomaniac. Altogether a cheap and shabby book.

NIGHT OVER JAVA, by Johan Fabricius. \$2.00. *Greenberg*. A dramatic tale of heroism — of a part-Dutch, part-native guerrilla band and its attack on a Japanese-occupied town in Java. Although the raid succeeds, the enemy retaliates against an innocent population. Mr. Fabricius handles the jungle setting lovingly and vividly, but his impression of the Javanese doting on the lost beneficence of Dutch imperialism looks a little silly these days.

NOT YET THE MOON, by Eve Langley. \$2.75. *Dutton*. "Exalted, I repeat, by these exaltations, we added to it a pinch of that opiate which dwelt in clashing white cups, the individual coffee, the flying spoons and the starch in the caps of the waitresses, and staggered out to catch the train again, drugged into joviality." Such is the kind of verbal lushness that characterizes this distinctly over-ripe novel. It mangles metaphors left and right as it follows the adventures of a yeasty girl who traipses about the Australian countryside, sometimes playing pranks but mostly bemoaning her ugly and love-lorn state.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

I ACCUSE DE GAULLE, by Henri de Kerillis. \$2.75. *Harcourt, Brace*. Once again events have moved M. de Kerillis to an outburst of patriotic wrath. In the last years of the Third Republic, his seemed almost the only voice of integrity in the venal ranks of the Right, and certainly his

was the loudest in the denunciation of appeasement. With equal moral indignation, he now brands De Gaulle as an unprincipled political adventurer, a victim of the Cagoulaards, a supernationalist, a slacker in war and a menace in peace. In support of these charges, he adduces a damning and revealing body of evidence. M. de Kerillis' conservatism sometimes strains his argument (as when he whitewashes Giraud and American policy in North Africa or denounces the violation of legitimacy in the establishment of the Fourth Republic), and he operates on the naive assumption that wars can be fought without reference to politics. But much of the indictment remains, and the honesty of its prosecutor never seems open to question.

THE ENGINEER IN SOCIETY, by John Mills. \$2.50. *Van Nostrand*. The facts of life among industrial engineers and scientists are here set forth at a comfortable level somewhere between the "planning your career" books and the sociological studies. Mr. Mills describes in a friendly spirit the nature and role of industry's research workers, urges that they organize in the interest of higher salaries and stronger social consciousness, and asks them to make themselves more literate and persuasive.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOU AND THE UNIVERSE, by John J. O'Neill. \$3.50. *Washburn*. This is a report of progress in the major sciences during the past few years — in anthropology, archeology, zoology, biology, medicine, psychology, meteorology, geology, mathematics, physics, chemistry and astronomy. Mr. O'Neill, who is science editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, has vast knowledge and writes with remarkable clarity.

SHADOW OVER ATHENS, by Phokion Demetriades. \$3.00. *Rinehart*. A new kind of document has come out of Europe's agony — a book of cartoons. These seventy-seven two-tone drawings portray the major aspects of conquered Athens: hunger, hatred, death. The Acropolis does not appear once. The people in these sketches are all stereotypes, yet there is an arresting vigor in the lines and a terrible passion in the conception.

THE OPEN FORUM

FOR A WESTERN DEMOCRATIC BLOC

SIR: British writers have long held that the idea of the Monroe Doctrine was originated by George Canning, a British foreign secretary. Norman Angell repeats the error in his article, "For a Western Democratic Bloc," in the March issue of *THE MERCURY*. That the doctrine originated in America and not in Britain is made clear in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* in an article by Charles Evans Hughes.

Long before the time of Canning, George Washington stated the essence of the doctrine: "Our first and primary maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle in cis-Atlantic affairs." Again in July 1823 Secretary of State John Quincy Adams informed the Russian Ambassador that "the American continents are no longer subjects for new European establishments." Thereafter, Canning suggested a joint statement by Britain and America that would deal solely with the former colonies of Spain in South America, but his suggestion was declined. The Monroe Doctrine was a formal statement of the Washington and Adams doctrine that covered both Americas, and not merely the South American countries referred to by Canning. Its announcement was a surprise to Britain.

It is conceivable that Mr. Angell's suggestion that the U. S. should join a western bloc might be to the advantage of this country, but on the other hand it might not be, for the positions of Britain and America are by no means identical. In any case his statement that such a course would be an extension of the Monroe Doctrine is erroneous, for it would violate its primary principle, which is that America should not entangle herself in European affairs. Naturally British writers want America to adopt the British viewpoint, but in pressing their case, they should not distort the facts of history.

LYOUD E. PRICE

Fort Worth, Tex.

SIR: In your March issue Norman Angell anticipates Winston Churchill's proposal of a western democratic bloc. But if a true military

alliance is intended, history affords little assurance of its permanency. The aim should be to unify gradually, by successive steps, the democracies in a federal union, using the United States as a model. Moreover, the way would be paved for the ultimate establishment of the world state so ardently advocated by many individuals. Nor need there be interference with the purposes or strengthening of the United Nations Organization.

Among the measures leading to a federal union are the adoption of a common citizenship, free migration and the reduction of trade barriers until they reach the vanishing point. Incidentally, the proposed loan to Great Britain, now under consideration by Congress, should be granted, even though it never is repaid. In any event, at the present juncture of international affairs, the United States, containing only 8 per cent of the world's population, cannot risk standing alone.

M. A. GOLDSTONE

Beverly Hills, Calif.

MANKIND IS HERE TO STAY

SIR: In his article, "Mankind Is Here to Stay," in your March issue, S. A. Nock has written of the probability of "superior persons succeeding in exterminating each other" in the atomic age.

In my opinion, Mr. Nock's smart-aleck approach to the crucial problem confronting the civilized world is out of place. He offers not a single constructive thought in his entire piece. He links man with bugs and lower forms of life, and says: "We and the rabbits and the rats and the cockroaches are not going to die out." He further intimates that those people who are conscientiously proposing a practical solution to the problem posed by the atomic bomb are "lamenting" simply because it's the popular thing to do.

I submit to Mr. Nock and all writers like him that the paramount problem of civilization today in this age of atom-smashing, is a practical method of establishing a true federation of states to rid the earth of anarchy. Any writer who deals with this problem in the cynical, offhand way Mr.

Nock employs is not only negative, but uncivilized. He does a definite disservice to the thousands of thinkers who are pleading for the organization of a world government to establish world law.

Senator Brien McMahon, chairman of the Special Senate Committee on Atomic Energy, wrote in the New York Times Magazine, February 24: "There is not the slightest doubt whatever of the capacity of the atomic bomb to destroy us. Its continued military use must be, very simply, the prevention of future wars." General H. H. Arnold said in a press conference, August 17, 1945: "Atomic bombs will be a destructive force beyond the wildest nightmares of the imagination — a weapon ideally suited to sudden, unannounced attack in which a country's major cities might be destroyed overnight by an ostensibly friendly power." Yet Mr. Nock placidly remarks that "men of detachment, however, smile quietly, remembering the spider in Swift's *Battle of the Books*, who mistook the jarring of his web for the dissolution of the universe."

What Mr. Nock is saying so glibly indicates his ignorance of scientific fact. Civilized man has developed a weapon of mass murder which can mean the end, not only of the white races of the earth, but of all races. The atomic age requires that the nation who took the leadership in this work must now design a world structure to enforce world peace, the only hope for which lies in the immediate establishment of a world government through the present UNO. This practical, and profoundly serious proposal has been introduced to the U. S. Senate under the title, *Senate Resolution No. 183, Calling for the Immediate Establishment of a World Republic*. It is in the hands of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. It deserves the support of every thinking American.

Mr. Nock, where were you on August 6, 1945 when eleven million kilowatt-hours of man-killing heat were released, per pound of U-235 on Hiroshima? Do you know that this one-hundred-million-degree-temperature bomb is already obsolete? That your city and mine may be the recipient of one of these bombs unless we establish a world government at once? It is my profound conviction that every word spoken or written concerning the atomic bomb must present this problem in its true light. Only in this way will positive action be taken to banish forever the use of atomic energy as a military weapon.

LAWRENCE M. DURYEE

Middlebury, Conn.

INTERRACIAL MARRIAGE

SIR: Mrs. Josephine Schuyler's description of her interracial marriage is one of the strongest arguments for a breakdown of the racial barriers which were raised by an earlier and simpler society. I should like to add a footnote to her article.

Here at the University of Texas we have recently had our Registrar, supported by the State's Attorney General, refuse a colored boy admission to the law school. There are no law schools in the State for Negroes; so, obviously, the boy will have to seek his schooling elsewhere.

The entire fiasco of the racial laws today is one grounded in an era that no longer exists. It began legally in the Spanish American colonies of 1514 and has continued ever since. In 1912, the Reichstag made interracial marriages lawful in its African colonies. The British policy towards interracial marriages, as well as that of France, is much more tolerant than the American.

Interracial marriages are called criminal miscegenation, and one authority, the *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences*, has said that the United States is the only great country in the world today in which extensive prohibition of miscegenation exists, pointing out that in 1932 there were thirty states forbidding interracial marriages, namely: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia, West Virginia, and Wyoming.

Mrs. Schuyler's former home, Texas, has strict statutory provisions against interracial marriages. On the civil side, the marriage is null and void (*RCS, Art. 4607*). This has terrific potentialities as to the legitimacy of children, the validity of wills, and inheritances. On the criminal side, interracial marriages with Negroes are crimes, punishable by from two to five years in the penitentiary. And, if the couple marry legally in another state and move to Texas to live, they are subject to the same penalty (*PC, Art. 492*). Negro, in Texas, means anyone descended from Negro ancestry from the third generation — the "One Drop" test Mrs. Schuyler mentioned (*PC, Art. 493*). And, as an afterthought, the State has provided that the so-called common-law marriage, as between whites and blacks, is not recognized (*PC, Art. 494*).

As one might expect, however, in spite of these

stringent laws, there has been little litigation. The statutes are not quite "dead letters" since they can still be utilized. But they were passed during the time of slavery, and they are not geared to a society in which Negroes have attained the intellectual and cultural advancements of the period. The original purpose of the laws was to prevent bastard issue and protect the property of slave owners. For example, was a child sired by a white person free or slave? That purpose having failed with the Emancipation Proclamation, the laws should have been, and should be, stricken from the books.

ROBERT B. BILLINGS

Austin, Tex.

SIR: I was very much interested in Josephine Schuyler's article, "An Interracial Marriage," in the March AMERICAN MERCURY. I have seen the recent plays on the subject, *Deep Are the Roots* and *Strange Fruit*, so it was good to read something factual. The article should go a long way to silence some of those professional Southerners who are trying to make Manhattan another Mississippi.

E. PORTER

New York City.

WEST POINT AND CONSCRIPTION

SIR: Arthur E. Morgan is a great man, who deserves a respectful hearing when he discusses any of the numerous subjects on which he is an expert. He certainly knows all about the Antioch system of education, the TVA, etc. — but he doesn't know one blamed thing about West Point.

He proved that in his devastating attack on the institution in your February issue. I don't question his integrity; merely his understanding, for it is clear that he simply doesn't understand the theories and principles on which the military academy operates. But the resulting mal-judgments are so colossal that they would be ridiculous if they weren't tragic.

May I qualify myself to speak? I hope I can be classified as a militant liberal. (I try to be.) I've known West Point intimately for twenty-six years. I've studied it from the inside, as a cadet, and from the outside, as a newspaperman. I recognize her faults, which are many — but they're not the faults Dr. Morgan writes about, and they are offset by a flood of assets, of which he evidently doesn't know, either. I could challenge virtually every single statement he makes — or quotes — about the institution, and, I think, disprove it, or else explain a misinterpretation of fact — but to what avail? I'd wind up buried in a mass of explanations and denials.

But so much of it just isn't true; all that nonsense about the regimentation of "every hour of every day in the whole year"; the amazing claim that there are "no courtesies to inferiors"; the startling statement that "nearly all textbooks have been written by West Point men." I could go on for paragraphs. And *those things just aren't true.*

Neither is the gist of the whole piece — the charge of "this Prussianization of youth." Hasn't your author *any* conception of the difference between Prussian militarism and democratic discipline? Can't he distinguish between an Eisenhower and a Von Runstedt; an Omar Bradley and a Kesselring; a Patton and a Rommel? Well, those American leaders trace their democratic philosophy right back to West Point. (I've heard them do it.)

And "West Point strait-jackets the minds of its own," does it? Bosh and bunk! I've known cadets to club together to subscribe to radical publications. I first read the *Communist Manifesto* myself in the West Point library — that same old library where "no cadet was allowed . . . except for very brief periods." I know dozens of militant liberals that came out of West Point and some of them are generals today.

No, Dr. Morgan, your argument just won't wash. That place is a cross-section of America and always has been. You couldn't regiment the minds of those young hellions up there if you tried. They come out, as they went in, representing all shades and varieties of public opinion.

I know some that are deep-dyed conservatives; others that battle valiantly for progressive causes. One of my classmates died fighting for the Spanish loyalists. West Pointers, in short, are just like any other Americans, except that they've acquired a deep-seated loyalty to three great principles: Duty, Honor, Country. (And they don't like to talk about those things to outsiders because outsiders are inclined to laugh at those same things.)

Consequently, there's no such thing as the "West Point mind" described, except inasmuch as it's the typical American mind. Some West Pointers do have ossified minds, I'll admit — but didn't you ever meet any from Princeton, or Stanford — or Antioch? But the great majority are fiercely devoted to their country and democracy and calling West Point "an anti-democratic outpost" is just about as silly as calling TVA a stronghold of the private utilities.

(Continued on page 636)

**DON'T LOOK NOW...
BUT YOU'RE NOT
ALONE!**

So you like ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE? Don't look now—but you're not alone. Christopher Morley, the bearded bibliophile, is with you. So is Hildegarde. So is Xavier Cugat. So are literally hundreds of other greats and near greats of literature, music, business, the stage, the screen.

How do we know? Because they've told us so in accents varying from Hildegarde's excited chatter to Morley's measured prose. To all of them EQMM brings relaxation, stimulation, and just plain escape. They love to be thrilled, chilled and mystified . . . to have their wits challenged, and their imagination stirred.

If you too belong to this companionable company of nimble-minded folk, you will want to join the snowballing roster of EQMM subscribers—prudent people who make

25¢

AT YOUR
NEWSSTAND
EVERY MONTH

sure that Ellery Queen's selections of the best in mysteries, new and old, will be left at their doorstep every month. Simply fill out the coupon, enclose \$3, and the next twelve issues are yours to delight in!



**Meet Your
Fellow Readers!**

*A few other
notables who are
Ellery Queenians:*

RAYMOND G. SWING
ILKA CHASE
LAURITZ MELCHIOR
CARL VAN DOREN
JAMES M. CAIN
ELSA MAXWELL
ETHEL MERMAN
SAMMY KAYE
JAMES HILTON
ARCH OBOLER
WILLIAM BEEBE
ARTHUR MURRAY
EFREM KURTZ
HELEN JEPSON
PERCIVAL WILDE

**ELLERY
QUEEN'S
MYSTERY MAGAZINE**

570 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Now Published Every Month

ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE
570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Send me ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY
MAGAZINE. I enclose { ☐ \$3.00 for one year
 ☐ \$5.00 for two years

Name

Address

City..... Zone..... State.....

Q5



The LITERARY BAZAAR

FIRST EDITIONS :: RARE BOOKS

AUTOGRAPHS :: LITERARY SERVICES

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT Stories, Articles, Novels, Books Sold. Our clients on "Best Seller Lists" and in national periodicals. Highly recommended aid for sale and publication of fiction, non-fiction, manuscripts. Unknown authors assisted. Write for information. 33 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y.

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE. Literary Agent, established 25 years. Manuscripts criticised, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts, Poetry. Catalogue on request.

AGNES M. REEVE Dept. M, Franklin, Ohio

"LET FREEDOM RING," a 96-page Book surveying the struggle for religious freedom from the Exodus of Moses from Egypt to the Nazi-Defying Niemöller of Germany. 35¢ Postpaid. RELIGIOUS LIBERTY ASSN., 6840 Eastern Ave., Takoma Park, Washington 12, D. C.

OUT-OF-PRINT

WE SPECIALIZE and are successful in finding promptly the "Out-of-Print" or "Hard-to-Find" books which you particularly desire. Please write us stating "Wants." No obligation.

THE SEVEN BOOK-HUNTERS

Station O, Box 22 New York 11, N. Y.

GENERAL

COIN COLLECTORS — Read "The Numismatist." Published monthly. News, illustrated feature articles on coins and medals. Sample copy 25¢. American Numismatic Association, 99 Livingston St., Brooklyn 2, N. Y.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. Truth Seeker Co., 38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.



THIS STANDS FOR HONORABLE SERVICE

Remember . . . the man or woman who wears this button has been honorably discharged from our armed forces.

(Continued from page 634)

Doesn't the Academy, which has produced the leaders that saved us in five major wars, deserve an honest hearing? Is it fair to attack her sons, who can't talk back because they are in uniform? And is this kind of case the best argument you can offer against universal military training? These are questions each reader might answer for himself.

LOWELL M. LIMPUS

Washington, D. C.

SIR: I have read Mr. Limpus' letter very carefully, to separate general assertion and condemnation from explicit questioning of facts. The latter is confined to one short paragraph which I quote: "But so much of it just isn't true; all that nonsense about regimentation of 'every hour of every day in the whole year'; the amazing claim that there are 'no courtesies to inferiors'; the startling statement that 'nearly all textbooks have been written by West Point men'; I could go on for paragraphs. *And those things just aren't true.*"

The first statement about "every hour, etc." are exact words from a very carefully written statement by Col. T. B. Mott, a graduate and former instructor at West Point, who was "commended for gallantry" in service and who held high positions in the military and diplomatic services. The statement of "no courtesies to inferiors" at West Point and that concerning frequencies of nervous disorders are statements made in an article by Major Kerns after a careful study of the subject of cadet health.

As to the statement, "nearly all textbooks have been written by West Point men": let me quote from the only other letter I have received which takes issue with the article. It is written by an indignant graduate of West Point, who says: "Your own article states, quoting another writer, that 'nearly all textbooks have been written by West Point men.' Did you know that those textbooks were written after careful study of all available books on the subject and that they are especially abridged in order to give the cadets the best possible instruction in the time available?" When I have the statements of two West Pointers against one West Pointer, what shall I do?

Now, going to the general charge of inaccuracy, may I quote briefly from some letters received: "Allow me to congratulate you on 'Conscription and the West Point Mind.' After three and one half years . . . at West Point's Stewart Field, I know whereof you speak. . . ."

"I have talked with hundreds of pilots who instruct West Point cadets in how to fly. Most all

of them remark that the USMA cadets do not measure up to ordinary flying cadets. They lack flexibility and fall down when faced with problems or emergencies which they have not been through with an instructor, or rehearsed, or learned by rote. The pilots mostly attribute this to the three years of educational method they have been previously subjected to before taking up their flying."

In a letter from the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, I read: "As a student of both . . . University and the Military Academy, I can assure you that your remarks about West Pointers are in a very large part only too true."

Another letter from a major in the U. S. Army states: "The problem of the West Point clique is certain to become increasingly important over the next few years. Little has been written about it because those of us in direct contact with it are not in a position to express ourselves. . . . I am writing with the primary purpose of encouraging you to write more on the same subject." Mr. Limpus' letter does not add any specific evidence to the issue, or to the points I made largely by quoting men of high standing in American life.

ARTHUR E. MORGAN

Yellow Springs, Ohio.

SIR: I would like to commend you for publishing Arthur Morgan's "Conscription and the West Point Mind."

As a former soldier and army officer, as a veteran of the recent war and as a thinking individual, I protest most seriously against the enactment of peacetime military conscription. Conscription has one fixed connotation—"the next war." Above all, I want to preserve the peace.

Conscription is the negation of the basic principle of American freedom. It has been Europe's curse from which so many of our forefathers fled.

P. M. MITCHELL

Ithaca, N. Y.

SIR: I read "Conscription and the West Point Mind," in your February issue, with interest and approval. Most writers these days favor peacetime conscription, and it is good to have the other side presented. I think this other side is right, very right. I left behind me on November 21, 1945 an interminable forty-six months of military service. I disliked every moment of it. I heartily agree with the views in "Conscription and the West Point Mind" and commend you for publishing it.

JOHN C. OSOINACH

Memphis, Tenn.

"A SIX ROOM HOUSE, \$2800

**Complete, Ready for You
to Move In"**

BY GEORGE W. PEARCE

The author, a mechanical engineer, reviews the history of housing and shows how building costs have risen in the last 150 years until few families can buy a house adequate for their needs.

He then describes how, by the use of various money-saving building methods, a large, modern, 6-room, thoroughly insulated, fire resistant, 2-bath bungalow with garage can be had most anywhere in the United States for \$2800.00.

Included with the book are 10 folded drawings, 12" wide x 18" long. These drawings by Mr. Pearce show all the details of construction for this house—the wiring, the plumbing, the automatic oil heating system and the fluorescent lighting. The book is devoted to showing how similar savings can be made on any house of any style, size or floor plan.

A very readable and interesting book. Every prospective home owner should have a copy. 138 6" x 9" pages, 26 illustrations, leatherette bound. 10 large drawings.

Send \$2.00 to TECHNICAL PRESS, Box 6 A, Swampscott, Mass., and your copy will be rushed to you postpaid. Distributed solely by Technical Press—Not sold in book stores.

for YOUR CONVENIENCE

SEND ME

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

I enclose ☐ \$3 for one year
☐ \$5 for two years

Name.....

Address.....

City..... No.....

State.....

AM 5-46

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

570 Lexington Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

DISCRIMINATION IN COLLEGES

SIR: In the March "Open Forum" of THE MERCURY there is a letter from J. Henry B. Hoffman in which he refers to the Italians in the United States as an "unassimilated group from Europe." Since ignoring a published statement such as this might serve to give it currency, allow me to express my opinion on the subject.

I do not know what Mr. Hoffman means by assimilation. However, if by assimilation, we mean belief and faith in our country, loyalty to its institutions, devotion to its ideals, then there are at least 18,000 Italian-American boys buried in American military cemeteries in Europe, in Africa, and in the Pacific, whose supreme sacrifice gives their detractors the lie. There are probably more than 40,000 sons of Italian immigrants whose battle scars remind us of their attachment to America.

And when the final count is completed, it will number the thousands of decorations for bravery in action awarded to them, including not less than six Congressional Medals of Honor. I am at work on a survey which I think will show that no national group in our country had a higher percentage of casualties than the Italian. Perhaps I am wrong. If the Italians had been more "assimilated," probably they might have secured more soft jobs behind the lines.

If Mr. Hoffman had lived amongst the "Italians," if he had visited hundreds of "Italian" communities in practically every state in the Union as I have, if he had devoted a fraction of my twenty-five years of study to the subject (I have written several books and edited ten editions of the Italian-American *Who's Who*) then Mr. Hoffman would not make such a foolish statement.

GIOVANNI SCHIAVO, *Editor*
The Vigo Press

New York City.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS

SIR: I came across a very interesting article, "New Facts on Infantile Paralysis," in the March 1943 AMERICAN MERCURY which I saw recently.

While I am now resident physician on St. George Island, of the Pribilof group, 250 miles NNW of Dutch Harbor, in Behring Sea, thirty-two years ago I was a country doctor practicing near Verona in the southeastern part of North Dakota. I had been married about two years when my wife decided to visit her parental home, and took with her our five-months' old daughter. The month was May. Please keep that

date in mind. One night the baby woke my wife with a sharp cry, but she soon went to sleep again. To my wife's consternation when she went to dress the little one in the morning she found the entire left side paralyzed.

She hurried home and I found in addition to the complete *hemiplegia*, a deviation of the tongue to the right. That located the site of the injury in the *Pons Varolii*. I made the prognosis that some faculty of the brain would be deficient. I visited Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Louis, and Chicago in an effort to secure advice concerning a course of treatment to overcome the paralysis. One doctor (?) advised swinging the child by the head, but the rest advised braces. As I had never seen a person on whom braces were used benefited, I declined to use them.

When a medical student at the old College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, I attended a summer clinic in pediatrics conducted by Dr. John Porter. One of the theories which Dr. Porter held was that a child afflicted with *hemiplegia* could have the muscles re-educated, through the nerve center which controlled the unaffected side of the body, growing a set of nerves that would hook up with motor nerves of the afflicted side.

The problem was to get the baby to try to use the paralyzed muscles. After many efforts and as many failures, I finally hit up the plan of rolling a ball across the table, which she would catch with the good hand. When she was sufficiently excited, I would suddenly catch the good hand and she would try to use the afflicted one. One day I failed to catch the good hand and both hands caught the ball. The child was then nearly two years old.

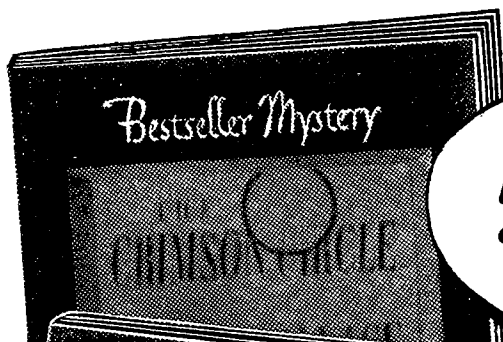
For many months there was coordination only. Finally independent action was obtained by offering the child a nickel IF she'd pick it up with her bad hand. At first she failed but after many months of training, she could pick the money up at once.

Eventually all movements became independent. The sensory nerves never functioned. The nerves of touch became normal, and it was only through them and a number of unfelt severe burns that automatic withdrawal on contacting an unexpected object was established. She learned to walk by walking, but a sharp watch was maintained to prevent the development of a club foot. The lessons extended over a period of sixteen years.

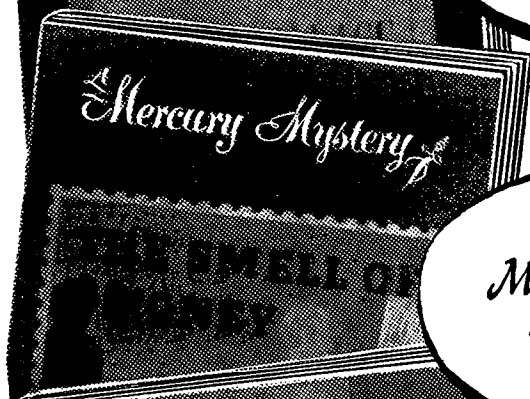
HERBERT B. WENTZ, M.D.

St. George,
The Pribilofs, Alaska.

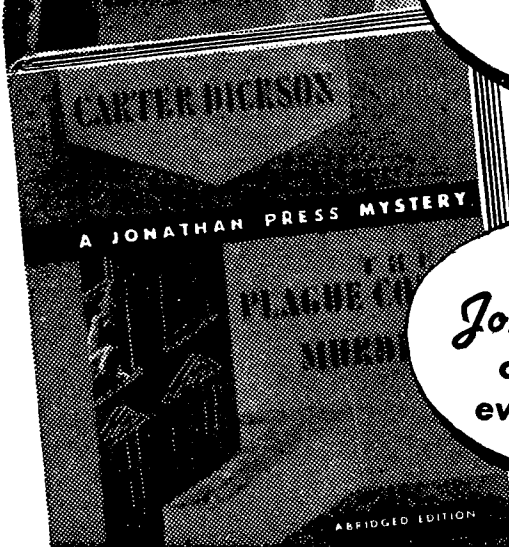
At Your Newsstand — 25¢ each



A new
Bestseller Mystery
on the fifteenth of
each month



A new
Mercury Mystery
on the first of
each month



A new
Jonathan Mystery
on the eighth of
every other month



Let your HEAD take you

(The average American today has a choice of just going where "his feet take him", or choosing wisely the course to follow. Let's skip ahead 10 years, and take a look at John Jones—and listen to him . . .)

SOMETIMES I feel so good it almost scares me. "This house—I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other house on earth. This little valley, with the pond down in the hollow at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world.

"And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me.

"I've got a little money coming in, regularly. Not much—but enough. And I tell you, when you can go to bed every night with nothing on your mind except the fun you're going to have tomorrow—that's as near Heaven as man gets on this earth!

"It wasn't always so.

"Back in '46—that was right after the war and sometimes the going wasn't too easy—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick.

Like almost everybody else, I was buying Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But sick as she was, it was Ellen who talked me out of it.

"Don't do it, John!" she said. "Please don't! For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's wonderful to know that every single payday we have more money put aside! John, if we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe some day you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would feel to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!"

"Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quit dropping a little cash at the hot spots now and then—gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor and—we didn't touch the Bonds.

"What's more, we kept right on putting our extra cash into U. S. Savings Bonds. And the pay-off is making the world a pretty swell place today!"

The Treasury Department acknowledges with appreciation the publication of this advertisement by

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, author, editor and university professor; dramatic critic of "The Nation." "I am a new convert to detective fiction, and I give ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE a substantial part of the credit for my conversion."



RAYMOND GRAM SWING, world-famous news commentator. "ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE is akin to the airplane in its ability to annihilate space and distance, particularly for train travelers! It has done this for me many times. Congratulations on its success!"



CARL VAN DOREN, well-known editor, author and literary critic. "I have never yet been disappointed by an issue of ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE and I have never read an issue that did not have at least one story that was worth the price of a year's subscription."



CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, critic and author. "ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE has both the good wry bread of the run-of-the-guillotine crime tales and ALSO what a gift he has for rummaging out the honeys—those rare oddities that are vintage and not varicose. In short E.Q. has I.Q."



LIKA CHASE, actress and author. "If mystery magazines were given cutting averages, ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE would bat .400."



JAMES HILTON, renowned author of "So Well Remembered" and "Lost Horizon." "I have seen and enjoyed many copies of ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE. It seems to me just about the best form of 'escapism.'"

Whoever heard such talk from such people about a mystery magazine?

Never has any mystery magazine been so applauded by such distinguished applauders. "Never" is 'a big word — but Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine is a big departure from all the usual kinds of magazine. It gives you not only the best short stories by leading detective-story writers, but also little-known crime classics by the literary great in other fields.

Thus you get mysteries by Somerset Maugham, Christopher Morley, Mark Twain, H. G. Wells and Theodore Dreiser, as well as by the acknowledged masters of the mystery field—Dashiell Hammett, Agatha Christie, John Dickson Carr, Cornell Woolrich, Dorothy L. Sayers and many others. Buy the current issue at your newsstand — or borrow it from your bank president or your congressman.

In addition to the distinguished applauders pictured here, EQMM has received orchids from such notables as Arch Oboler, Helen Jepson, Efrem Kurtz, Rex Stout, Edward L. Bernays, James M. Cain, John Dickson Carr, Elsa Maxwell, Joseph Henry Jackson, and many others!

25^C At your newsstand EVERY MONTH



By Subscription \$3 a year

ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE

LAWRENCE E. SPIVAK, Publisher

ELLERY QUEEN, Editor

57 FREDERICKSON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the
Treasures
of all time



HARWOOD'S

Blended
CANADIAN WHISKY

90.4 Proof

Sole UNITED STATES Importers R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., Inc., NEW YORK, N.Y.